

The LEATHERNECK

SEMPER FIDELIS



Vol. 9 No. 3

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 10, 1926

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(SEE PAGE 4)

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M. S.

NOTE—*In the winter of 1908 and 1909, Capt. John H. Craige held the title of champion heavyweight of France. From 1921 to 1925 he was Aide to Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune. He is now commanding the 16th Company of Gendarmerie Regime, Port au Prince, Haiti.*

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Number 3

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH!

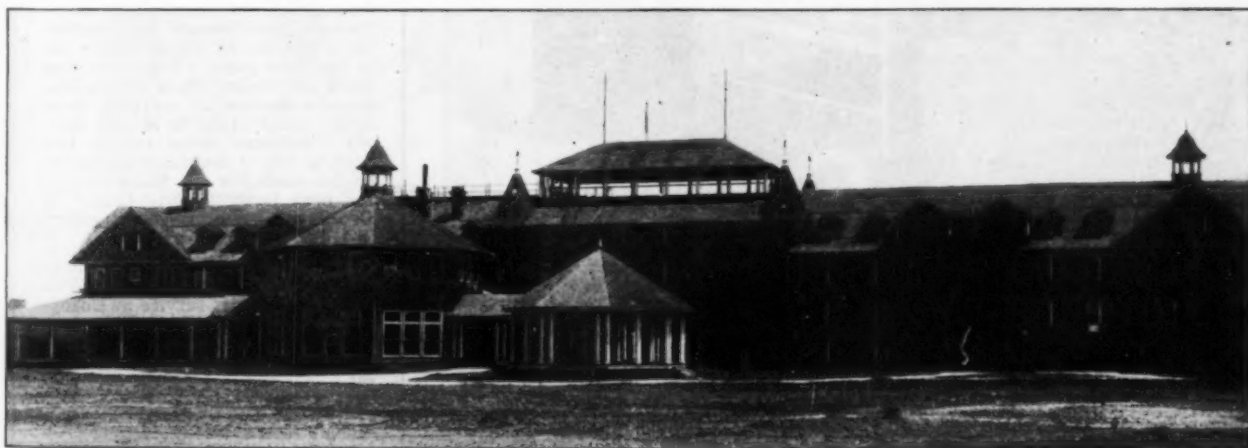
A Story Of The New Barracks At Hampton Roads, Virginia

By Capt. William M. Marshall

Exclusive hotels are in themselves interesting. Take the Royal Palms at Palm Beach, Fla., and you immediately see, in your mind's eye, a flock of real estate millionaires, surrounded by beves of movie actresses. Mention the Ritz Carlton at Philadelphia and you immediately picture a magnificent structure, with a lobby filled with classy, prosperous-looking men, who have no worries now that General Butler has left the City of Brotherly Love. But, without doubt, the most exclusive hotel and, from a fighting point

Of course, the official name of the Pine Beach Hotel has been changed to Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, but the change in name did not affect the fact that the Marines, who are the only occupants of this hotel, are living in a structure which represents an original investment of over \$100,000. When Private John Doe reports for duty at Hampton Roads, Va., he, together with one other Marine, occupies a room for which, as late as 1921, a guest would pay no less than \$3.00 per day. Private Doe

through the hotel. He will show you a structure, built just prior to 1907, of the usual summer resort type, and containing no less than 130 rooms, a ballroom, roof garden and lobby, which is, incidentally, far superior both in appearance and construction to many of the nearby hotels at Virginia Beach, where a civilian is glad to get a room and pay \$7.00 per day for the privilege. He will show you a galley with the latest equipment, and a mess hall in which no less than 500 guests were recently entertained and



Marine Barracks, Hampton Roads, Va.

of view, the one with the classiest guest list, is the Pine Beach Hotel, situated on the shores of the Elizabeth River at the Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va. The exclusiveness of the "Pine Beach" is evidenced by its policy of allowing no one but a Marine to be a guest, and what other hotel could show a guest list with the punch that the "Pine Beach" can produce with its 250 Marines as regular patrons?

will tell you that his room is steam-heated, well ventilated and lighted, and that he has every modern convenience.

Furthermore, Doe's occupancy of the room entitles him to the privileges of the hotel library, the music room, in which is installed one of those familiar, but almost obsolete, "dime pianos," and the billiard and pool room.

When you visit Hampton Roads, Private Doe will be proud to show you

dined at one "sitting." And these same guests danced in the ballroom without undue crowding and paid a dollar apiece for the evening. A Marine gets all this "Gratis," and more, too, whenever the Recreation Fund can stand the strain, and this is quite often.

The history of the Pine Beach Hotel is quite interesting. It was built for the

(Continued on next page)



Headquarters Detachment Marine Barracks, Hampton Roads, Va.



Each Room Is Occupied By Two Men—Interior View.

Jamestown Exposition, which was held at Hampton Roads in 1907. After the exposition had run its course, the hotel was closed for a time, but during the World War it proved a "life-saver" as a resident hotel for officers and their families who were stationed in and around Hampton Roads. Rooms were at a premium, and the waiting list resembled a page from the Navy Register.

After the war the Naval Base Marines were in need of better quarters. They were occupying a part of the Naval Base known officially as Unit "J," but Marines had a much less complimentary designation, so when the hotel was abandoned as officers' quarters, Lieut.-Col. G. M.

Kincaide, who is commanding officer, and Lieut.-Col. P. F. Archer, the depot quartermaster, who both believe that nothing is too good for a Marine, suggested to Admiral Roger Wells, then commandant of the Fifth Naval District, that the hotel be turned into a Marine barracks. Admiral Wells approved the plans submitted, and in October, 1924, the Pine Beach Hotel became officially known as the Marine Barracks.

So, if you meet a Marine from Hampton Roads, who talks about the "hotel" he occupied at the naval base, don't put him down for a candidate for St. Elizabeth's. He did occupy a hotel, the most exclusive hotel in the United States.

THE COVER

Our cover for this issue is done by E. A. Fellowes, the LEATHERNECK's feature artist, famous for his page cartoons, and in line to be more famous as he is now signed up for a regular series of page cartoons to appear each month. Fellowes has done a great deal toward the improvement of the LEATHERNECK, both in its artistic appearance and humorous appeal to the reader. Our title head on page three is one of his products as is the title head for our Joke section. Have you looked closely at the cut on the Joke page? Take note that there are no less than fifteen Marines in the cut, all carrying on in some manner, true to Marine comedy. Fellowes' cover cut on this issue is one of several illustrations he has made for our feature story, for next issue, "White Gold," by Don Hyde. A story of adventure in Haiti. Don't miss it.

We will also offer in our next issue the second of our series of stories on the courier service in Europe during the World War. This story is by Sergt. Thomas Baisden and is full of humor and human interest.

Many other new features are to appear in each succeeding issue of the LEATHERNECK. Ted Goodman, of Quantico, will continue his Goofy Reviews, first appearing in this issue (page 32) and Maj. Walter N. Hill will begin a series of interesting adventure stories, with his "Drum Echoes in the Hills." We advise taking out a subscription to the LEATHERNECK so that you may keep your own file of these interesting stories and cartoon features.

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE"

An Embarrassing Situation In Japan

By Sergt.-Maj. Clarence B. Proctor

"HEH! Mellican Maline! Fi' 'clock! You get up, catch chow, catch boat! Yu no get up, get back ship, Cappan man raise hell!"

Were you ever awakened on the "morn-ing after" by such an appeal from the mouth of a vociferous Japanese jinricksha coolie?

Upon retiring in Nagasaki one time while touring the Orient on board the ark-of-war *Cincinnati*, I instructed my thickly-muscled human horse, whose most noticeable raiment consisted of an inverted wash-bowl hat and a smile that wouldn't wash off, to be sure and call me in time to get breakfast before boattime (8 a. m.). You know how it is after a strenuous day ashore, we are apt to crawl under the covers and sleep the

clock around, with the consequent dire results at the mast when we return aboard ship.

Sling-Mud-High had double-timed me around all day in an overgrown go-cart, acting as messenger boy, valet, interpreter, self-cranking automobile and World Court, all for the daily wage of one yen—fifty cents gold.

I had heard that the most striking virtue that this most versatile of men possessed was the implicit trust that could be placed in him as a bellboy, and, by way of testing this, I took a chance and gave the hotelkeeper orders which were in conflict with those which I had given the jinricksha coolie. My orders to the hotelkeeper were not to disturb me on any pretext, and not to allow anyone else to do so.

After removing my shoes, as per Japanese custom, I went to my room, which was quite a disappointment—paper walls, no chairs, no bed, and, beyond a table whose altitude was about three inches, there was no furniture of any kind. Sit down? Flemish your legs down and sit on the deck. Sleep? Roll back a section of the wall and disclose a hidden chest of drawers from which you bring a roll of quilts and place them on the deck as a caulking-mat—sleeping on one and under one, if you so desire. For a pillow there is a contraption that looks and feels as comfortable as a dentist's chair headrest mounted on a vitrified brick. If you are a Christian Scientist and give the power of suggestion full sway, you might be able to imagine it's a pillow.

Along about two bells on the morning watch there was a collision between an irresistible force and an immovable object. I had been peaceably dreaming of a big pay-day, a dark-haired, sloe-eyed damsel awaiting me on the dock, her arms outstretched and her star-lit lamps tenderly regarding me—me and the pay-day—and the clench awoke me—there was a riot in the hall, and sliding back the paper door I beheld the hotel man and the coolie, each with positive orders and each equally sure that he was right. The hotel man wore one of those "you-cross-this-threshold-o'er-my-dead-body" expressions, and the coolie was armed with an 89-cent alarm clock. In another minute there doubtless would have been jiu-jitsued limbs all over the deck, but just before the battle flags were broken the "horse" caught a glimpse of his fare, and, pointing to the timepiece, excitedly tried to inform me that it was time for "All Hammocks."

I got up and ordered a bath.

I was led out in a sort of an inclosed court to a barrel-like tub filled with steaming water. In I crawled and was working up a fine lather, when across the patio came a serious-faced little dame! I was wondering why the boss hadn't told the rest of the guests that I was using the bath. Fearing that the sight of me might cause her to scream and bring some irate relation on the scene with a cheese-knife, I crouched down in the tub and yelled: "Beet it! Vamoose! Come back in fifteen minutes and take your turn!" But did the Honorable Miss Cherry Blossoms leave? Nix, shipmate, nary a run—she did not! She had been sent in there, the Jap reasoning that, although American and a strange animal, my arms weren't triple-jointed and I couldn't wash my back, and that was what she was detailed to do. Gravely twisting back the sleeves of her kimono, she proceeded to ki-yi that inaccessible portion of my anatomy.

I got more kick out of this Japanese rubdown than a Turkish bath ever furnished. The goose pimples stood out like the bumps on a cucumber, the sweat pouring off reminded one of Niagara Falls, and I experienced the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime.

(Continued on Page 8)



"She proceeded to ki-yi that inaccessible portion of my anatomy."

MILITARY DECORATIONS

As Taken From Harry R. Stringer's Book, "Heroes All"

A preface to a series of articles, "Five Highly Decorated Men in the Marine Corps," which will run in THE LEATHERNECK.

The United States Government has three military honors with which it rewards its soldiers, sailors, marines and civilians who serve with marked distinction in the time of war. They are the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross and Distinguished Service Medal. The Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross are awarded for valor; the Distinguished Service Medal for conspicuous service in a position of great trust and responsibility.

Tradition has it that custom of decorating war heroes originated with the Chinese many centuries before the advent of Christianity, but the practice did not become popular until late in the Middle Ages, when the armies of England wore badges after their discard of armor. Even this, undoubtedly, was an outgrowth of the custom of ladies of the court in the days of armor of conferring favors upon their favorite knights. The first war medal of which history has a record was struck in honor of the British Navy. It was ordered by Queen Elizabeth. Charles I struck the first military medal, while the first occasion on which a whole army was decorated was in commemoration of the Battle of Dunbar.

In this country the custom of awarding medals dates back to the Revolution. Our first medals were ordered by General Washington and were conferred upon John Paulding, David Williams and Jacob Van Wart, the captors of Major Andre, the British spy.

Like Great Britain's, our first medals were struck in honor of the Navy. This was the Navy Medal of Honor. It was not until seven months afterward that the Army Medal of Honor was authorized, and at that time there was a ruling that these medals could only be conferred upon non-commissioned officers and enlisted men. However, public agitation resulted in the changing of this law.

Being the first, it was only natural that the Congressional Medal of Honor should become the foremost American military decoration. Unfortunately, sufficient discrimination was not always exercised in the early awards of the Medal of Honor, and, as a consequence, a few fell into undeserving hands. This tended to detract from its value, but in the war with Germany this fault was corrected and the medal's prestige was restored. To emphasize this fact, let it be remembered that but seventy-eight Americans of the two million and more who served in the American Expeditionary Forces received it. Of the seventy-eight awards made, eight were presented to men serving with the United States Marine Corps. Seven

READ

A Series Of Interesting Articles

on

"FIVE HIGHLY DECORATED
MEN IN THE MARINE CORPS"

Major General
WENDELL C. NEVILLE
Brigadier General
SMEDLEY D. BUTLER
Captain
LOUIS CUKALO
First Sergeant
DANIEL DALY
Gunnery Sergeant
EARNEST A. JANSON

TO START IN
THE LEATHERNECK
MARCH 10

of these received two apiece. And although the law stipulates that only one Congressional Medal of Honor can be conferred on a man or woman, it contains a provision stating that where the recipient performed additional acts justifying the award of a medal of the same class, the President was authorized to award a bar to be worn as he directed. In the case of the Distinguished Service Cross, a bronze oak leaf was selected. This leaf is worn on the ribbon of the medal. No additional insignia was selected for the other medals.

A feature which gives our decorations increased individuality is their number. With three we have fewer than any other nation in the world. While our country created two new medals in the last war, Great Britain established four, and other nations were equally as generous. The new medals of Great Britain were the Distinguished Service Cross, for commissioned naval officers of junior grade; the Distinguished Service Medal, for the rank and file in the Marines and the men of chief petty rank and less in the Navy; the Military Cross, and the Military Medal, for non-commissioned officers and women. The highest decoration of Great Britain is the Victoria Cross, with the Military Medal ranking next. The cross was instituted in 1856 and were cast from cannon captured from the Russians. The man who has the cross bestowed upon him is accorded the privilege of placing the initials "V. C." after his name, which he will very modestly tell the uninitiated means "Very Careless."

The very ideals and traditions of the

United States are reflected in our decorations. They are as easily obtained by a private as by the highest ranking officer, with a slight exception to the Distinguished Service Medal, which is obviously a medal of a different class, being designated for civilians and officers whose service to their country is less conspicuous, but no less necessary.

Next to our own decorations, Americans are probably more familiar with those of France than of any nation, for thousands of Americans today are wearing the medals conferred upon them by our sturdy sister republic, on whose soil they repelled the common foe.

The most renowned French decoration is the Legion of Honor. The Legion of Honor was suggested in the Estates-General in 1789 and inaugurated by Napoleon at the Invalides in July, 1804, on the fifteenth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. Several high American officers were fortunate to win it in the late war.

Le Medaille Militaire, the next in order of the French decorations, was established by Prince Louis Napoleon in 1852. It is for valor and is given to non-commissioned officers and Marines. A unique feature of the late war was that La Medaille Militaire was awarded to the commander-in-chief of the French army, but to no other commissioned officer. Marshal Joffre received it.

La Croix de Guerre is the French decoration with which most of us are familiar. It was inaugurated in 1915, and the French bestowed them upon our men with a lavish hand. It was awarded to all those who were cited by the Order of the Day. If the soldier's deed was considered of extraordinary merit, his captain recommended a citation for him from the colonel of the regiment. Approving, the colonel, in turn, requested a citation of his superior officers, which, if granted, gave to the soldier for the same act a bronze palm to be worn on the ribbon of the cross. After a soldier had been awarded five palms for separate acts of bravery, he was given a silver palm, and upon receiving another citation was entitled to wear a bronze palm under the silver palm on the ribbon.

La Medaille des Epidemes is another French medal commemorative of war with Germany. It was bestowed on surgeons, nurses and others for heroic service in the care of the wounded.

Italy has five great decorations. They are the Supreme Order of the Annunziata, which, incidentally, is not a military order; the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, the Military Order of the Savoy, the Order of the Crown of Italy and the Military Medal of Valor, which corresponds with the French Croix de Guerre. This last decoration was bestowed by Italy on many Americans who fought with her armies against Austria.

MARINES AS DIPLOMATIC COURIERS

A Story Of Stirring Experiences Of War Days

By SERGEANT WILLIAM O'GRADY
(1st Lieutenant, Gendarmerie d'Haiti)

Third Instalment

COL. JAMES C. BRECKINRIDGE,
U. S. M. C.



Colonel Breckinridge, on duty as assistant Naval Attache in all Scandanavian countries during the World War, solved the uncertain and unsatisfactory method of delivering confidential state papers by advising the use of Marine Couriers, and his careful study and thorough knowledge of conditions in those countries at the time, together with his timely advice to the men performing duty as couriers, had a great deal to do with the success of the project.

the pony; then the run was again taken up. After the first two or three days we began to acquire a wind comparable to that of a marathon runner, while the appetites we developed caused us to regard our ration supply with grave doubt as to its adequacy to see us through to Onega.

After a week or so of this routine, we came crawling into Onega one morning about 1.30 o'clock. A blinding snow obscured all traces of the trail. Several essays on the part of Lieutenant Gardner and myself at guiding the leading animal along the packed snow route served to convince us, on finding our-

selves up to our necks in drifts, that the animals knew the trail better than we, and thenceforth we trusted them to remain on it until our destination was reached.

Baisden and myself, at the invitation of the members of the American Officers' Mess at Onega, put up at their house, and spent the succeeding day in outfitting for the latter half of the journey. We obtained all the food required at the British Army Commissary, which supplied all outfits stationed in the town of Onega. Then, on April 7th, we started on the last part of our trip. Our route was changed from what was termed the Southern Trail, connecting with a spur of the railroad running south from Archangel, and considered the shortest, to the Northern Trail. Information had been received of renewed Bolshevik activity which had resulted in the cutting off of all communication with Archangel by way of the Southern Trail.

Our journey was a repetition of the first portion of our trip, and, to be brief, the morning of April 13, 1919, saw us slowly winding up the Dvina River, which was entirely frozen over; then up to the dock; over to the Troitzky Prospect (the main thoroughfare of Archangel), and, finally, down to the building which housed the American, French and Italian Embassies, combined. There we delivered our dispatches to Mr. DeWitt Poole, the American Charge d'Affaires. Then we proceeded to rest up at Archangel's only hotel, the Troitzky Gastoniza, a large wooden structure crawling with vermin.

Archangel (population 50,000) at this time was certainly a cosmopolitan town. In a walk of some two blocks one would encounter more nationalities and more varied uniforms than were supposed to exist. French, British, Italian, Polish, Serb, Checko-Slovakian, Russian and American troops—all were there, in small numbers, 'tis true; but each added to the unforgettable picture thus formed.

The city of Archangel is a long, rambling settlement spreading out along the coast for several miles, and is possessed of no particular beauty. Sanitation was partially looked after by gangs of Bolshevik prisoners guarded by various sentries of the Allied troops. The only build-

(Continued on Page 13)

This, added to the difficulty of obtaining suitable ponies to haul our sleds (we had to hire relays of ponies daily at the principal villages), tended to keep all hands more or less keyed up mentally. However, we did not anticipate any disastrous results should we run into a hostile patrol, for our potential fighting strength amounted to some 80 men armed with rifles, plus the five of our party, each of whom had one or more revolvers.

Outside of the foregoing, the journey was one of interest, and I cannot recommend a more beneficial trip for anyone desirous of getting in excellent physical condition. Warmly clad as we were, and equipped with colored glasses to prevent snow blindness, our physical discomforts were reduced to the minimum. Baisden and myself rode in the rear of the convoy, which was strung out across the country in single-file formation. The trail we followed was formed of packed snow, and was about six to eight feet in width. If one slipped off this trail at either side, the results were anything but pleasant, for sled, pony, baggage and occupants were immediately immersed in toto in six or more feet of snow, depending on whether one fell in a particularly deep drift or not. However, this did not happen very often.

The only convoys voluntarily given the right of way when coming from the Archangel direction were sleds loaded with ammunition billed to the different ammunition dumps along the front. Those sleds were so heavily laden that, were they to leave the trail, it would take hours to reload and place them on firm ground. Our own sleds, bearing all our sacks, were five in number. Our own personal sled came in the rear, so as to permit our observing the route of march. Then when, as did happen once or twice, an exceptionally weak pony utterly collapsed, we could immediately arrange for the redistribution of the mail that was on the sled thus made useless, shove the sled and pony off the trail, and proceed on our way.

Baisden and myself took turns riding and running after the sled. The one running behind would occasionally hop onto the sled runners, which extended a foot or more in rear, and balance himself there until such time as he calculated the double weight would prove too tiring for



DEAR FELLOWS: Let's get the Blonde Stenog off our chest the first thing. You know, she is an honest-to-goodness Jane that wears chiffon hose and a permanent wave, to say nothing of a lot of lipstick. Just between us Marines, the guy that originated the joke about the flapper waving her hair, rouging her face, manicuring her nails, and saying "Clothes, I am going out; if you want to come along, hang on!" had the Blonde Stenog for inspiration. Anyhow, today she says that "the guy who used to sit around telling his wife what swell biscuit his ma used to make has a son sitting around telling his wife what swell delicatessens his mama patronizes."

Philosophy is the balloon tires a wise guy learns to hook onto the flivver of life to ease him over some of the bumps between the cradle and old Mister Charon's ferry boat.

Yesterday we saw an old sea captain (merchant marine) who's blood is soaked with tar, and whose every finger is a marlin spike, out buying ice-cream for a little pink and white creature with a wasplike waist. One of life's incongruities? Huh?

When it comes to doing itself up proper, we gotta hand it to the *New Orleans Item*. It registers its disapproval of our protracted rainy spell with a forecast blimping: "Cloudy; continued rain and bflmpghstzmjpk. Light south to easterly winds."

It also comes out with the scarehead: "ELECTION FIXED FOR TUESDAY." We always suspicioned they fixed 'em, and here's the evidence.

Here's one of President Roosevelt's favorite after-dinner stories, that he used on several occasions to prove that slang was far from modern:

"Back in the days when Greece flourished as a world power, a certain king, whose name was Ashauras, was given to writing verse, which every day he would insist upon reading to his lord high chamberlain. Now, it happened that the king's verse was exceedingly bad, and the lord high chamberlain, who was not fond of it, was not in the habit of tempering his criticisms. Eventually this got on the king's nerves, and he ordered his L. H. C. exiled to the northern part of the kingdom, where he was put to work with the chain gang on a rockpile.

"The king then appointed a successor, who raved and rhapsodized over the king's verse until even the king could tell it was flattery, and, like all normal folks, even when they write verse, the king got tired

of the flattery, and eventually sent for his former lord high chancellor to be brought back before him. He was brought in to the king, still wearing his chains, and as the king had written a poem of welcome for the old chamberlain's return, he insisted on reading it before anything else was done. The old chamberlain listened with every mark of respect until it was finished. Then, ignoring the king completely, he turned to the soldiers who had escorted him and said: "Back to the rockpile, boys."

SOME OF LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES

A boot in his first blues.

Drug stores. They sell everything but steam engines.

A non-com in love with his colonel's daughter.

A girl that has never been kissed.

A sea-sick sailor.

A Dutchman eating spaghetti.

A guy Charlestoning in a rented tux.

A Leatherneck at a four o'clock tea.

Amongst the new inventions are arm rests unfolding from the seat cushions to support the driver's arms. We hear nothing, though, of chin rests having been invented for the back-seat drivers.

Let's blame it on Lydia Pinkham. One of the largest manufacturers of radio comes out with a scarehead advertisement reading:

"SIXTY-FIVE OPERATIONS AND YOU HAVE A RADIO."

We note (also from the *Local Item*) that the Gulf, Mobile & Northern Railroad has set an appropriation of one million dollars for carrying out its 1826 program of improvements. Give 'em another thousand years or so and they are bound to catch up with them.

Some of you fellows with colds, try this on the Music's tin horn. He will appreciate it:

It's not your cough
That will carry you off,
It's the coffin
They carry you off'n.

A certain boot went calling on a sweet young thing on whom he was very anxious to make an impression. He took her out for a walk, and in the course of their promenade they ran into an old-timer with six hash marks on his sleeve.

"Oh, John," said she, "can't you have those things on your sleeve?"

"Sure," replied the boot. "I could wear 'em, but they scratch my nose too much."

We will now conclude the morning exercises with a few lines of verse:

EPITAPH

By Lou Wylie

So many times the sun will pass a-down
the sky
And shine, unnoted, over where I lie,
And many times the daisies spring up
from the sod,
Bloom, fade, and bloom again along the
paths I've trod;

Pale, slender new moons cast
Their silver on the night long after I
have passed
Its purple and star-spangled vaults along
And filled its lyric heights with feeble
song.

Long after I have passed will lip meet lip
In flaming kiss,
The daylight die along earth's cupped rim
In crimson bliss.

Unheard night winds will whisper, rain
patter on the grass.

Aye! as I sleep eternities will pass,
So on the stone you rear above my head
Carve this:

"A thrush rose, singing in the sun, and
one who hungered fed."

THE BIG PARADE

By IG

"THE BIG PARADE!"

All you movie-goers, satiated with the usual hero, wamp and willain stuff, "The Big Parade!" All you skeptics, you critics, you particular ones, "The Big Parade!" All you boys who carry around with you the memory of the grim reality of war—the mud, blood, stiffs—"The Big Parade!"

This is the perfect picture. Acting, directing, scenario, settings.

It tears away the curtain of romance that glosses the tragedy of war for those who've never known it—the flag waving, the bands, the parading, the "hero stuff." It reveals the real inside of war, as the fighting man sees it. The mud, the vermin, the work, the long hours of marching—plodding on weary feet, dirty, sleeping as they walk—onward, to kill and be killed.

And yet the little rays of humor and laughter that made life bearable and death not quite so dreary. The merry bantering of comrades, the jokes in the face of sudden extermination, the all too infrequent frolics in the villages—Love, Laughter and Life. And just beside them—Death.

Human, vital, gripping.

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE"

(Continued from Page 5)

"Me like 'em Mellican man much," chirped the gay Geisha Girl as she wielded the towel; "shoulders so big, so much man!"

As Miss Cherry Blossoms sort of shyly handed me an embroidered silk kimono to wear to my room after the bath, she ventured:

"You like 'em my bath, Maline? Me wash back pretty much good, what you say?"

"I'll say you do, kiddo. This is the first time I ever had my back washed to the music of rustling silk worn by a charming Japanese flapper, and, take it from me, I'll see you again!"

"Maskee! Maskee!" was all she could say in parting.

While returning to my ship on the eight o'clock boat that morning I was mighty glad that I had been afforded the opportunity of visiting "chrysanthemum land," and I looked forward with no little amount of anxiety and anticipation to further patronage of the trusty Japanese jinricksha coolie and the geisha girl bather, whose belief was that things are only "evil to him who evil thinks."

LES AFFAIRES DU COEUR

Conducted by Mlle. Djer-Kiss
of Champagne-sur-Cognac, France

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mlle. Djer-Kiss will give advice on any affairs of the heart to any reader of *The Leatherneck*. Send your problem to her, care of *The Leatherneck*. The reply will be published.]

Mes cher amis:

Again it gives me so great pleasure to talk to you through the columns of this so valuable publication. It is wonderful to be with and talk with Marines again. Such nice boys. I am glad some of you have write to me because it gives me so much great pleasure to help you in your troubles.

Then this so beautiful city of Washington. It is a great pleasure to live here. There are so many interesting things to see. The monument, the Capitol, the Avenue Grand, the Congressional Library, the Marine Corps Institute—oh, there is so much to see and do.

This morning when I walk to work—I always walk for the exercise, you know—I pass one store on Eighth Street which have this sign in the window: "Radio-Alcohol." I think what this can be—radio alcohol. Then I know why they call it radio alcohol—one drink and you broadcast.

Below I am answering some of the letters I have receive. It is impossible to answer all these letters at this time, my space is so limit, but I try to answer letters in order received.

Au revoir,
MLLE. DJER-KISS.

DEAR MADEMOISELLE:

I am in love with a Marine who was engaged to me. This Marine gave me a nice ring when we were engaged. Then one day I received a letter from him, and he told me to send him this ring back and he would send me a much bigger one. I sent it to him, but he didn't send me the other one, and I haven't heard from him since. I am heartbroken.

NELLIE.

NELLIE: Remember that a ring on the hand is worth two in the hock shop, and don't be too anxious next time.

L. L. B.: No, you have the wrong impression. Swords are not issued to gunnery sergeants for the purpose of beating their wives. They are used to open and close transoms.

P. H. D.: You say that you like classical music and your wife likes jazz, and you always fight at night over the radio.

I know a gunnery sergeant that has a set that will receive classical music, jazz and a talk on the canned bean industry all at the same time. Why not get a set like his?

DEAR MLLE. DJER-KISS:

I am engaged to a sweet little girl, but she refuses to marry me unless I stop smoking cigarettes. I have tried to stop this habit, but it seems almost impossible. Can you advise me what to do?

PERPLEXED MARINE.

PERPLEXED MARINE: Why not resolve never to smoke a cigarette before breakfast and then don't eat any breakfast.

"ONCE A MARINE—"

A Story by DON HYDE

Harry Chambers mopped his sweating brow and cursed his dusky soliders fluently. These same soldiers were half-heartedly struggling with a recalcitrant field piece, and, for certain reasons of his own, Chambers wanted that gun in position, and he wanted it in a hurry.

"Shake it up, shake it up!" he cried in native dialect, wildly waving his saber. "Line the piece up; load it and stand by."

He waited until everything was accomplished to his satisfaction, and then sat down on an empty ammunition case. The past forty-eight hours had been strenuous. First, the brutal, bloodthirsty, uncalled-for murder of the helpless prisoners, mostly political, in the civil prison. That was the spark that set the fire and the great wave of popular resentment and anger, helped along by a judicious amount of fiery speeches by the revolutionary leaders, had fanned this spark into a flame that threatened to consume the whole country. An infuriated mob had chased the president from his palace, where he had laid, quaking with fear, under a bed, into the sanctuary of a foreign legation, where he had, for a moment, felt safe. The mob, however, had little regard for the finer distinctions of international law, and they had not hesitated to invade the sacred precincts of this legation and return in a very few minutes with various portions of the anatomy of their late president impaled on long poles, which they paraded through the streets.

Chambers, soldier of fortune, and for the moment a colonel of artillery, had entrenched his one remaining battery in a position that commanded two of the principal thoroughfares. He had little or no interest in the outcome of the revolution. He knew where the ex and now widely distributed president had hidden a large sum in ready cash. He also knew that it had not been removed from the hiding place. His plans were simple. After things had quieted down a bit he would fill his saddle bags with this gold, mount a swift horse and disappear over the border. His plans after that were somewhat hazy, but he knew that there are lots of places in the world where a man with money may enjoy himself.

For three years he had wandered through the tropics—a professional soldier. His code was simple: he fought for the side that paid the most money, regardless of the merit of the "cause." Six years before he had been a sergeant of Marines. One night there had been a robbery, a large sum of money disappeared from the paymaster's safe, and circumstantial evidence pointed to him. In spite of his pleas of innocence, a court-martial had sentenced him to two years and a dishonorable discharge. He served his sentence, and upon his release he shook the dust of his native land from his feet and swore eternal hatred against all things American in general and the Marine Corps in particular.

Suddenly his ears caught the sound of

firing near the waterfront. What was it? He waited, and in a few minutes a courier dashed madly up and spread the news that the Marines had landed and were rapidly getting the situation well in hand.

Chambers smiled grimly and tightened his belt. Carefully he examined his two guns and made certain that everything was in readiness. Here was an unlooked-for opportunity—a chance to even the score. Nearer and nearer came the sound of firing, until presently a few stragglers from the retreating native forces passed him. They lingered not by the wayside, and as they passed they urged him to join them. Some of his men who had no personal reason for staying accepted the invitation, and presently he found himself alone. Overhead he heard the unmistakable whine and crack of the projectile from a Springfield. The main body of the native troops had passed him, but still he waited. Just time for one well-placed round from each gun and he would leave, but he intended to see that each round produced the desired result.

Then far down the street he saw the first of a line of khaki-clad figures. He grasped the lanyards in his hand—only a moment now. He looked again, and high above the line of advancing men waved the Stars and Stripes. The muscles in his throat tightened and his hand that held the lanyards relaxed. Why, this was his flag, and these advancing men were his buddies with whom he had lived and fought. The old Corps! "Semper-Paratus," he thought, but the remembrance of the great wrong that had been done him burned in his brain like a red-hot iron. The hand holding the lanyard tightened.

That evening a group of officers gathered around an open fire were discussing the events of the day. One of the officers, a gray-haired veteran of many a campaign, who until now had taken no part in the conversation, spoke up: "Strange thing happened this afternoon," he said. "Just before we stormed the palace I ran point blank into two masked guns. Didn't see them until I was right on top of them. Too late to retreat. We just waited, but for a moment nothing happened, and I had almost decided that they had been abandoned, when a figure appeared behind the guns, shook his fist at us and seemed to pull on the lanyards. We braced ourselves for the shock, when suddenly this figure in some superhuman manner wheeled both guns about until they were trained upon the fleeing natives and pulled the lanyards. He was exposed to fire from both sides, and when I reached him I found the body riddled with bullets. Imagine my surprise when I looked and saw that it was a white man. I ripped his coat open to see if he still lived, and found this pinned to his shirt over the heart," and he held a small, round object out in his open hand. Bending forward, all saw that it was a blood-stained Good Conduct Medal!



NOTICE

Detachment Commandants please communicate as soon as possible with the Editor of The Leatherneck and forward to him the correct address of their respective detachments. This is important.

Remember that 20 per cent of all league subscription money will be donated to the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund this month, and for two months to come.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR NATIONAL DUES?

During recent weeks, tests were held by radio organizations throughout the entire world to experiment in transatlantic broadcasting. While millions of radio fans listened in on a still and silent ether, they were suddenly startled by the distressing call of a vessel in midocean, which stated that it was in a helpless predicament, due to lack of fuel, and was being lashed by the high seas.

The Marine Corps League, or any other organization, business or individual, must have fuel to operate. In this case fuel is money. And the money the Marine Corps League has reference to is the National Dues.

The national paymaster announces that to date only about 25% of the League detachments have paid their dues, which are one dollar. He further states that he feels that it is an oversight on the part of many, but says that he would appreciate the prompt payment by all delinquents so that many propositions for the betterment of the League may be taken up in the near future.

The League has for its 1926 task the procurement of \$6,000, which is to be presented to the Belleau Wood Memorial Association to offset certain expenses which have resulted as a consequence of improvements to this famous battleground. This sum is to be raised before the Fourth National Convention, which will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on November 5th and 6th, 1926.

This one item in itself is a great undertaking, but it is felt that it will be easily offset if everyone puts their shoulder to the wheel.

"If you are going to ride on the band wagon, don't drag your feet."

If YOU haven't paid your National Dues, YOU are dragging your feet!

PITTSBURGH, PA.

made a New Year's resolution, and has stuck to it. All hail! Here is proof for the "Skeptics' Society" who have been trying out the old New Year resolve for some time. In our first issue of the year we published a letter from the Pittsburgh Detachment, making note of the fact that this outfit did not claim to be a bunch of "Know-alls," but laid themselves open to ideas and suggestions from all other detachments. They resolved to put on a "well-conceived campaign that could not fail," and asked that any other detachment, which had been through the mill with success, send in their secrets and prescriptions; but, apparently, other outfits do not care to bootleg their wares, for Pittsburgh has received no word of helpful suggestion from sister (or brother) detachments, and so they have gone ahead after perfecting plans. They have met with such encouraging success that they pass the word along of how they went about it. To begin with, the Pittsburgh Detachment was forced to start out under the handicap of "The Skeptics," as two ex-Marine outfits had already started in the city since war days, only to fall by the wayside through lack of further interest of their respective members. Some 1,500 perfectly good ex-Marines were thus lost track of through the city and environs. By various means some 150 names were collected again, and the first news of the formation of the New Pittsburgh Detachment was sent out to these men by Commandant K. L. Aleshire in the form of a personal letter announcing the purpose and idea of the MARINE CORPS LEAGUE, the new place of meeting and the new officers elected. Notice was then placed in thirty-eight local newspapers, including five Pittsburgh dailies. This notice was made up into a story of interest to the reader and proved to be one of the greatest sources of success in the campaign. These two notices were followed up, hot foot, with a darn good letter, which contained an excellent bit of good, old, hard-boiled Marine sentimental appeal; then a short notice in the dailies just before the meeting brought in a goodly percentage of the 150 men notified. The main business of the evening was the discussion of permanent club rooms. This, of course, is an important matter to all detachments. We hope it will not be long before all detachments have their own clubrooms, a rendezvous for all Marines and ex-Marines in any city. Pittsburgh reports further that things look very bright for the future. All hands have taken a new lease on the life of the outfit, and are all intent on getting new members. We are assuming a modest attitude here in Pittsburgh, but if things keep on the "up-grade," we are going to bust out optimistically cocky some of these days. We will be glad to hear from other outfits,

of their experiences, and, in turn, will be glad to help any of them with their problems. PASS THE WORD!

Fraternally,
(Signed) K. L. ALESHIRE.

That's a great spirit. Help each other. Pass the word. Get together on this thing. "United We Stand—"

Letter just received from Pittsburgh advises that: "The local detachment went on record at the last meeting on January 21, 1926, as follows:

"Resolved, That 'The Belleau Wood Memorial Fund Donation Box' be and is hereby inaugurated, for receipt of such donations as each member desires to make voluntarily on each meeting night, or at any other time, the money so donated to be turned over to the detachment paymaster for deposit as a separate account, to be known as 'The Belleau Wood Memorial Fund.' All money so donated and deposited to be available for use by the National Commandant in connection with the upkeep of Belleau Wood at such time or times as desired."

Resolution carried unanimously.

WHO ELSE?

ERIE, PA.

'Way up in the northwest corner of the Keystone State, on Presque Isle Bay, is another up-and-going LEAGUE outfit. This is the Colonel Louis J. Magill Detachment. They are not as large in numbers as some of our other detachments, but they are very prominent in their locality, and are not afraid to make an issue of any question. They are letting the home town know that when Marines are banded together, it is for GOOD. We glean the following bits from Erie papers:

200 CITIZENS TO SIGN MEMORIAL HALL PETITION

"With a committee of the Louis J. Magill Detachment of the Marine Corps League still obtaining signatures, it is believed that at least 200 citizens of this city will sign petitions for the erection of a memorial hall, which is to be built at the expense of the county and will cost approximately \$150,000. The petitions have been filed with the county commissioners.

The first person to sign the petition for the memorial hall, which is to be built in honor of soldiers, sailors and marines, was Mayor Joseph C. Williams. City councilmen were next to sign. A number of county officials have expressed themselves in favor of the hall, which will serve the purpose of a town hall, by attaching their signatures."

HISTORIC RELIC TO BE JUNKED BY GOVERNMENT

Vets Would Turn Old Vessel Over to School Children

"Proposed purchase of the Wolverine, the first steel ship in the United States Navy, now being used by the Naval Volunteers, will be discussed at the banquet February 8, 1926, at the Lawrence Hotel, at which Joe Rhea, commander of the Col. Louis J. Magill Post, of the Marine Corps, will be host.

Members of the Marine Corps are planning on purchasing the ship and presenting it to the school children of Erie for nautical purposes. The Government has announced that this vessel will be sold as junk, and if action is taken in this regard, the Erie Marines will buy it."

The possible purchase of the Wolverine brought to light the following question at a recent meeting:

"Whether or not the newly-formed Louis J. Magill Detachment of the Marine Corps League will take an active part in political battles in the city and county will depend on a decision of the national adjutant, who has been requested to give an opinion on whether or not the local organization may eliminate all references to politics in the constitution and by-laws that are being drawn up.

"Members of the organization met recently in the postoffice building and thoroughly discussed the political question. They seek to eliminate all reference to politics from the Erie constitution. The National Constitution prohibits the Marine Corps League from taking active part in political questions."

The question has already been put to the National Adjutant, who has referred the matter to files for the 1926 convention in Cleveland, but has advised Mr. Joe E. Rhea, commandant of the Erie Detachment, that the question as to local "non-political" activities is entirely up to the vote of the detachment members.

So long as the league works for the good of a community, we say, go to it.

YORK, PA.

has sent in their application for charter, bearing eleven names, and signed by Charles R. Hiffmeyer as commandant.

NEW YORK STATE

We have news from several outfits in the High Hat State this week. First, among these is the newly-formed Col. Robert L. Meade Detachment. This outfit is already in trouble with the ladies, who want to form an auxiliary detachment. Can you beat it? They admit that the ladies will make up a pleasing combination with which to carry on the good work, so this absence of opposition would indicate that we will be hearing from the Marinettes yet.

The detachment held a successful smoker on the fourth of this month. Usual business was attended to and the evening was finished off with a boxing and minstrel show program. Quartermaster Sergt. F. H. Williams and Sergt.

J. C. Ferguson, of New York Barracks, have been awarded letters of commendation by the National Adjutant for their excellent work in aiding the organization of the Meade Detachment.

Here is a bit of real pride and esprit for you:

THE NATIONAL PAYMASTER,
Marine Corps League,
Room 3010, New Navy Bldg.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find 25c, for which please send me a Marine Corps League lapel button. I boast of owning another suit or two, and would like this extra button to save myself the trouble of switching the one I already have every time I change clothes, as I'd consider myself about the same as naked if I appeared in public without my Marine Corps League button.

Sincerely yours,

B. T. FAY,
Captain, U. S. M. C. R.
(Member, Col. R. L. Meade
Detachment, Marine Corps
League).

HARTFORD, CONN.

From the Hartford Daily Times
January 14, 1926

"The forming of the first post of the Marine Corps League in Connecticut was completed recently, when the provisional officers were installed in Leonard Wood Camp Hall by Judge-Advocate William Carroll, of West Hartford and Nutmeg Detachment, No. 1, Connecticut Department, came formally into the world of organizations in Hartford, and is now the newest baby among Hartford orders. After the christening the former Marines celebrated it in the time-honored way, with refreshments and songs and stories by ex-soldiers of the sea.

"The officers to be taken to their chairs were: Commander, Raymond J. Burnap; vice-commander, Frederick E. Hughes, South Manchester; paymaster, Harry S. Rubinstein; chaplain, John Nelson; adjutant, Louis Wadstrom, East Hartford; chief of staff, John Kilty, East Hartford; judge-advocate, William Carroll (self-starter), West Hartford; trustees, William Staph, Francis Hoffman, Arthur J. Dalmore; musician, Samuel Rometta."

McLEMORE DETACHMENT

at Houston, Texas, held its regular meeting on the 15th of January, and at that time the National Commandant's letter in reference to the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund was read. Interesting discussion on the matter was held, and it was decided that this outfit was going in for something on a large scale. But to date nothing definite has been decided upon.

We want to hear what some other detachments are doing about it, too.

? WHAT D'YE KNOW? ?

By TOM STERRETT

I know that I'm always getting up a fund for something or other, and the present time is no exception. Just now I am getting up a fund to buy a Cushing's Manual for Col. Louis J. Magill Detachment of the Marine Corps League. I feel that the parliamentarians of that body are sadly in need of this book.

I know that the need for the book developed at last Monday night's meeting of the Marine Corps League, in the post-office building. Comdr. Joseph E. Rhea was out of town, so the senior vice-commander, Rudolph Smith, presided. During the course of the evening the members kept calling the presiding officer "Mr. Commandant." Now Smith is an old, retired Marine. He did about 30 years in the Corps. And this "Mr. Commandant" thing got his goat. "How the hell do you get that way, with this Mr. Commandant stuff?" he wanted to know as he banged the gavel on the table with a resounding clank.

I know that the members tried to explain to the chair that the use of the word "mister," as a prefix to the title, was everywhere in force these days in service organizations. They said its use made all equal, and there was no distinction between officer and private if everybody was addressed as mister. Smith said he couldn't see that "mister" thing with a pair of binoculars—that it wasn't military. So then somebody suggested that the chair be addressed as "shipmate commander," but Smith said all his shipmates went down with the *Maine*. And they argued, and argued, and argued.

I know that somebody got up and suggested a real Marine Corps salutation that would be as distinctive as the red piping on their blue uniforms. It would be couched in language that everybody could understand. This person suggested that when a member addressed the chair he should rise, salute and sing out: "Hey! you lousy ————" Smith thought that would be all right. So they put it to a vote. The motion lost, 11 to 10, because it was thought that at the public installation of officers on February 20, the guests present might not understand, but would think they were witnessing a performance of "What Price Glory?" So that's how I come to get my big idea of providing the Marine Corps League with a Cushing's Manual.

I know that Capt. Lawrence Stallings, one of the authors of "What Price Glory?" lost his leg in Belleau Wood. He's a big, tall, handsome brute, and he feels the loss of that leg very keenly. As a captain of Marines he was a real fighter, but the loss of his leg has put even a keener edge on his fighting ability. When he wrote the story of "The Big Parade," he insisted on choosing his own director and stars, just as I'm insisting on choosing my own deputies. He went out to Hollywood, and the first statement he made was that there were no brains out there and that most movie directors should be in jail for the kind of stuff they

(Continued on Page 24)

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

By LOU WYLIE

On Bourbon, three blocks up from Canal, is the Vieux Carre Restaurant. It is one of the many quaint little restaurants blossoming forth in the old part of New Orleans, the French and Spanish quarters, that partake of an old worldly atmosphere found in no other eating places in this country. The proprietor, a small, black-mustached Frenchman, and his large, auburn-haired wife, make the veriest stranger feel at home in their place by the time the soup is finished. The dinner, which is only 75 cents, always starts with canape, goes through the usual soup, fish and meat, and ends with cheese and jelly, and a "small black," this being the real Orleanian's way of designating a small cup of coffee served without cream.

Maurice, who is the proprietor, generally shows you to a seat with a flourish befitting some of the headwaiters back in the days of Sherry, and some of New York's big places where the swells and near-swells often paid a very handsome tip for such recognition. Then comes the busboy, who brings the silver, fills up your glass with ice, and pours over it a little water from a very highly-polished bottle on the table beside you. If you are new at the Vieux Carre, and more especially if you are from the North, where eating is something on a par with shaving, brushing your teeth or taking a car down town, you begin to ask for a menu, for there is no card on the table. Leon most likely will be the busboy, and he will look at you with rather an injured expression, and say: "Ze waiter, m'sieu, he will take your order."

The way having been paved, you will suddenly become conscious of Cesar, if you are lucky. Otherwise it may be Leon's father, Antoine, or it may be Hebert, who limps, and is often cross. Knowing Cesar's tables, I always maneuver around so, if possible, I will be served by him. Cesar is not French. He is Swiss, and although he has been serving me in the Vieux Carre for practically two years, it required this recent trouble that France and Spain have had with the Rifians to jar him sufficiently to make him show a little bit of humanness beneath the guise of a perfect and solicitous waiter.

Seeing Cesar, with his brisk, black mustache waxed at the ends, his black hair so perfectly parted, his soft brown eyes always discreetly lowered, and his large, plump hands deprecatingly folded together, often over his rotund stomach, I had been often moved to speculation about his past life and his present manner of living. He was, I would have judged, about fifty, sleek as a well-fed tom cat, and who made of waiting an art. But, as I said, it took the recent Rifian outburst to shatter the little house my imagination had built about him. It was like this:

With an early edition of a morning paper spread before us, we were confronted with illustrations and large headlines telling us that Col. Charles Sweeny, of the State of Washington, would command a group of fifteen aviators, who would serve on the Moroccan front for the magnificent amount of one franc a day.

Suddenly we were conscious of some

one reading over our left shoulder. There had been no sound of footsteps, but at the same time there was that conscious feeling one has whether in a street car, on the street corner, or wherever a newspaper may be unfolded to other eyes as well as one's own.

We gave an irritable rustle to our paper, and Cesar hastily appeared before us, rubbing his hands deprecatingly.

Would we like our roast beef rare or well done?

But the question was put too late, for a tell-tale red on his high-set cheek bones told us that Cesar as well as ourselves was interested in doings on the Moroccan front, and that he knew now that we were aware of his interest. We did not answer him right off, and possibly, to smooth our feelings, he explained, half-apologetically:

"You see, in Northwest Afric' I fight when I am nineteen with the French Foreign Legion."

We looked at Cesar. There was nothing in his smug respectability to denote the adventurer. That spoke of the discipline, the severity, the association that must leave its mark on a legionnaire of this wonderful adventurer's goal. There was, we noticed, a slight limp that his usual briskness cleverly concealed, and which we had hardly been conscious of until now, as he hurried toward us with our roast beef and salad.

The tables were about empty, as the hour was late, so we determined to, if possible, find out something of Cesar's service. At first he was reticent, but after some questioning he murmured, as he leaned to brush an imaginary crumb from the cloth near my plate:

"Yes, I was in the Legion. When I was eighteen I join heem. I had what you call troub-el with my fam-i-lee. She would not let me marry a leetle girl I lak very mooch, and to forget I go away and I join the Legion. You see, we Swiss from ver' leetle boys aire train to be good soldier, and I wanted what you call it—adventures."

"Undoubtedly," said I, "you got them."

"Oh, yes! Quite so!" he replied, tracing with his fat forefinger the first lines of the news story in my paper.

"Eet was even here where they are fight now that I was. Bah! These Rifians, they are the robber that hold up the desert caravan like the man who hold you up on the street with lead pap. We call them the Tou-rag and we fight them with the rifle and the bayonet."

"They fight us weeth the yatigan. Eet is a wicked, curved leetle knife, and sometimes for eet our bayonets were too long, and sometimes for eet they were too short, and if they were too long the Tou-rag they get past them, and if too short they get past them anyhow."

"You see," pointing to his head, "here it is I was cut, and for eet I wear the silverplate," pointing to his knee. Here, also, the leg was cut, and all by the yatigan."

"Tell me something about the Tou-rag," I queried.

"The Tou-rag," he explained, "are the people who built Timbuctu. Maybe, p'rhaps, you know Timbuctu. Our barracks were at Raja, and we were the desert patrol. The old story that we sol-

diers heard was that in maybe the 14th —what you call heem?—century?—the 14th century Timbuctu was built, and in it lived mostly people who were robbers. It is a city of the Sahara, and so the story goes, meeny, meeny years ago an old Arab chief was favored by some robber chief in the city which was then a struggling veelage. The old chief, in return for the kindness, drew up plans for a ceety that could nevaire, nevaire be taken by enemies, and they say eet is built entirely of blocks of rock salt that are very, very black with age. Eets streets, after you pass the outer wall, are verree, verree dark and narrow, and go this way, and that way (drawing a series of curves and angles) to a main, what you call fort. In thees fort are meeny, meeny jars they keep filled always weeth water. Here is also a square tower that looks over the city and many miles of the desert, and here can the people go if the outer gates are taken, and nevaire, nevaire be capture."

"How long," we asked, "since you were in the Legion, Cesar?"

He shrugged his shoulders, turned up his eyes and threw his hands outward with a motion peculiarly Latin.

"When I get thees mark on the head over which I wear the to-pay (but please do not let it be known I wear the to-pay) I was twenty. Now I am feefty-two. We had no, what you call heem?—Ret Cross. When a man fell out of line, we left heem. But we had good time. Only sometimes eet was ver' lonesome, and we could nevaire, nevaire get into Timbuctu. Fighting always what you call the skirmish. Sometimes the Tou-rag pop right up out of the sand."

"Whuff! Whuff! weeth their knives we call the yatigan. Whuff! Whuff! joost lak that," snapping his fingers, "and they were gone with only a leetle cloud away on the desert to tell us how thees man get the laig cut and that one get the haid split, as where you see I wear the to-pay. But eet was good times, too. Not always the fighting exac'. Sometimes the barracks, and wine and women that were so lovely. Like the red pop-pee. And swit, and sau-cee." Cesar's eyes danced, and he blew a kiss lightly from his finger tips toward a vacant hatrack.

"Then come the regulaire French army, and we fight all together to win Timbuctu. And when eet is all over we capture Timbuctu, and they tell me the striks in the cobbles stones there are worn by chariots that Romans drove. Mebbe so, I have not the education to say. But the leetle Ford automobile to go through there would geeve the bumps. Oboi! Oboi!" in an attempt at American slang.

"Bime by though I get much tired of fighting, so I gets me out."

"No matter how," seeing the question trembling on his lips, "but I gets me out and I come to Amerik and I work many places 'til I come work by Maurice. Maurice one time my busboy. Now I work for heem. I make much monee, but eet goes and who cares. Nobody but me, eh m'sieur?"

And the old soldier from the French Foreign Legion departed briskly, but with a walk still bearing the mark of the yatigan, to bring me my cheese and jelly.

MARINES AS DIPLOMATIC COURIERS

(Continued from Page 7)

ing worth a second glance was the Cathedral, which, situated within a few blocks of the building then occupied by the Allied embassies, presented a very picturesque appearance, with its gilt domes and the vividly painted Biblical pictures on the exterior of its upper walls. Seen from the inside, it lost some of its impressiveness, for it was badly lighted and absolutely unventilated.

During our stay in Archangel I witnessed many detachments of loyal Russians depart for the front with tremendous eclat, particularly the famous "Dyer's Battalion." This battalion was an experiment of a British major named Dyer, who had the idea that by judicious handling and sound indoctrination in the basic principles of the provisional government then running the Archangel area under the protecting hands of the Allied troops, the numerous Bolshevik prisoners interned there could be clothed, equipped, drilled and made a sound fighting unit that would eventually prove itself in action against its former comrades, the Bolshevik troops.

Everything progressed according to plans, and in the early part of May the formal ceremonies of a blessing by the archbishop of its various sub-units, its hospital corps, etc., and enthusiastic speeches by the President Tchaikovsky and the Allied commanders were held in the open near the Cathedral. Gloriously, then, they departed for the front. Most of its senior officers were British, with a few ex-Czarist officers holding junior positions.

The sequel came rapidly, for the news drifted into our headquarters within the course of the next week or so that the outfit had assassinated most of its officers at night and deserted bodily to the Soviet troops. Thus ended another theory.

April was now drawing to a close, and Baisden and I were doing our utmost to arrange any kind of transportation for our journey back to London. It was now impossible to return to Murmansk by sleds, as the thaw had set in, and to attempt to get out by way of Onega and Soroka was to invite getting stalled midway.

Early in May, however, we learned from the British Transport Office that one of their ice-breakers was departing in a few days for Murmansk. Baisden took this ship and started on his homeward journey. There was room for only one of us, consequently I had to hang around a little longer.

About the 10th of May I heard from the French Naval Attache that the ice-breaker *Mikula* was leaving for Murmansk. Through the American Charge d'Affaires, Mr. DeWitt Poole, I obtained the necessary permission to travel there by way of this ship, which was manned and operated entirely by a French naval crew.

For three days we forged and pounded our way through the White Sea, which was still solidly packed with ice. Great mounds and broken slabs of ice washed up on one another, and there, frozen fast, blocked our way. These mounds sometimes reached 15 to 20 feet in height, and in winter defied the strongest ice-breaker to force its way through.

A trip on an ice-breaker is a novelty not often encountered. The ship is necessarily built very staunchly, with a rounded prow, which is covered with steel. By a system of water ballast the bow can be raised slightly and the forward motion of the ship forces the bow upon the ice-packs. Another alternating shift of the water in the tanks then forces down the bow, thus tending to separate the ice and to form a passageway, through which the ship proceeds. These movements are repeated continuously in the order described. Every effort is made to take advantage of the change of tides. These changes cause the ice to loosen up considerably, thus making it easier for the ship to nose its way forward. At first the noise made by the perpetual scraping and the shattering of the ice is well nigh unbearable, but after several hours of it the ear becomes more or less accustomed to it.

On the third day I arrived at Murmansk, disembarked and moved all my baggage up to the railroad car that still afforded temporary housing to the members of the Military Mission. The following day I learned that there was a British Admiralty tug due to leave momentarily for Lerwick, the principal seaport of the Shetland Islands. Interviewing the skipper of this boat and explaining the nature of my mission, I obtained permission to travel south with him as far as his destination.

After a rough voyage around the North Cape, we reached Lerwick on the afternoon of the 24th of May. Then from Lerwick I took the seacoast mail packet traveling between that town and Aberdeen, Scotland, and finally reached London on the morning of May 27, 1919, after an absence of about two and a half months.

In July of the same year I again traveled to Archangel; this time alone, as Baisden had changed back to the Scandinavian run. Along with about 500 British and Australian soldiers I sailed from Southampton aboard the British transport *Czar*, a ship that had been gotten from the Russian government early in the War. As it was now midsummer, we were able to travel the entire distance to Archangel by boat.

The climatic conditions were altogether different from those present during my last trip. Archangel was now sweltering in a humid temperature of approximately 90 degrees F. in the shade. The sun was continuously in the heavens for the full 24 hours of the day, which prevented the earth and air from cooling off to any noticeable degree at night. I had the unique experience of taking several photographs at 1 o'clock in the morning with no other light than that given by the sun.

To further emphasize the contrasting climates of Archangel and its environs, I might mention that the British troops serving there were now uniformed with practically the same clothes as were prescribed for them in Mesopotamia, namely, shorts (knee breeches) and thin khaki shirts, with half sleeves. The only difference was that caused by the absence of helmets.

My stay this time was of short duration, as I had to return on the same transport. This ship left in the course of the next ten days, and took about nine days to make the homeward trip.

This was the last time that any of the United States couriers journeyed to Northwestern Russia, for in September,

1919, all the Allied troops, with the embassies and legations, evacuated the entire Murman coast, and departed from Russia permanently.

During the following year I was occupied in traveling between London and Paris, with an occasional trip to Berlin and Vienna thrown in. These trips were all of a routine nature. The most interesting part of them was the opportunity afforded me of making the acquaintance of several of our foremost world leaders, political and military, American and European, many of whom were entrusted to my care during the journeys from one capital to the other. Traveling over the same routes repeatedly, we couriers had formed a regular system of procedure at the various customs and ports of embarkation, and it was customary for us to escort dignitaries and other persons of importance from one place to another.

We had certain porters to handle our baggage, and the custom and immigration officials all knew us; and so we were always aboard the train or ship long before the usual traveler had found out what particular routine and formalities were required of him or her.

In the latter part of 1920 I changed to the Paris-Rome route, and remained on it, with the exception of some few trips through Central Europe, till the latter part of May, 1921. Other runs, such as the Scandinavian and Mid-European runs, were prior to this latter date gradually discontinued by the State Department.

Finally, I was returned to the United States and was paid off June 19, 1921, being then some months overtime on that "hitch." The month of July (or August) saw our last diplomatic courier, 1st Sgt. Otto Rous, finish up his route and return to the United States.

And thus ended for me a period of service abroad of approximately three years and eight months, a period replete with interest from start to finish; in short, an experience that I would not have voluntarily exchanged for any other detail imaginable. Such, I venture to say, is the opinion of all the many comrades of mine who served in the Diplomatic Courier Service between 1917 and 1921.

This concludes Sergeant O'Grady's interesting introduction into this series of experiences of World War days. Next issue we will offer Baisden's further account.





Another Catastrophe

Surrounded by handles
Lies Thaddeus Gimp—
He tried to mix green
Apples, ice cream and shrimp.

An itching palm signifies that you are
about to receive something.
An itching head shows that you al-
ready have something.

Hot Dog

The butcher found a homeless dog,
A worthless little bum;
And as he led him home, he said,
"The wurst is yet to come."
Magnolia Oil News.

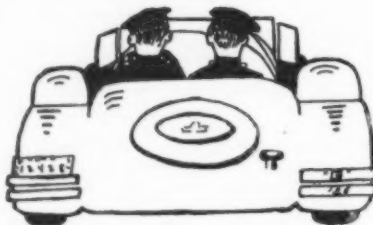
On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine

DRUNK (after bumping into the same
tree three times): Lost-sh, lost-sh in
an impenetrable forest.—*Central Colonel.*

"There are times when I wish I were a
man," she said wistfully.
"When?" inquired her husband.
"When I pass a milliner's shop and
think how happy I could make my wife
by giving her a new spring hat."—*Bison.*



"Oswald, what a funny pup!"
"Sah, Arabella, don't disappoint him—
he thinks he's an airedale!"



"Tire gone, Buddy?"
"Nope! Just some shootin' back there."

Short and Sweet

TOASTMASTER (after calling on several
longwinded speakers not on the pro-
gram): "Mr. Squiggs will now give us
his address."

SPEAKER OF THE EVENING (wearily):
"My address is 220 West Main St. Good
night."

REPORTER: "It's a funny thing—I get
some of my best ideas while washing my
hands."

EDITOR: "I suggest you try taking a
bath."—*Punch Bowl.*

See hyah, woman, didn't Ah see you
kissin' a no-count piece of trash las'
night?

Gwan, Niggah, it was so dark Ah
thought it was you.

Come to think of it, maybe 'twas me.
What time was it?—*Huron Flashlight.*

Lovers want to live apart from the
world. Married folk want to live apart
from each other.—*College Humor.*

LITTLE BOY: When I grow up I'm go-
ing to be a bootlegger.

SECOND SAME (with emphasis): Aw,
so's your old man.

FIRST AGAIN: Ya. An' he's a darned
good one, too.—*Brown Jug.*

STUDE: Why is a date like a close
horse race?

S-2: I give in—why is it?
S.: Because it will probably finish
neck and neck.—*Virginia Reel.*

Famous Sayings From Famous People

SAMSON: "I'm strong for you, kid."

NERO: "Hot stuff! Keep the home
fires burning."

QUEEN ELIZABETH (to Sir Walter Ra-
leigh): "Keep your shirt on."

CLEOPATRA: "You're an easy Mark,
Anthony."

SOLOMON: "I love the ladies."

NOAH: "It floats."

SQUAD LEADER: I hear the battalion
commander called you a blockhead. Is
that correct?

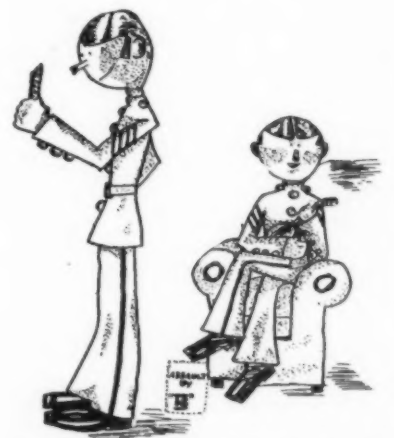
BOOB: No, sir, he didn't make it that
strong. He just said, "Pull down your
cap, here comes a woodpecker."—*Annap-
olis Log.*

"What you need is an electric bath,"
said the doctor.

"Not for me," said the patient. "My
uncle got drowned in one of those things
in Sing Sing."—*Georgia Tech. Yellow
Jacket.*

YOUNG HOPEFUL: Papa, what is the
cup that cheers?

PROUD PAPA: That, my boy, is a hic-
cup.—*Cornell Widow.*



"Are you related to her by marriage?"
"No, I'm her brother by refusal."

Some Southern Eloquence

A celebrated white preacher had been engaged to address the congregation of a little negro church and was being introduced by the very nervous colored pastor.

"Sistern and breddern," he began, "it affords me the extremist pleasuh to introduce de speaker of de evenin'. I wants to explain dat while his skin ain't de same color as de odders heah, I assures you his heart is as black as any of yourn."

THE SUFFERER: I'm afraid I've been giving my wife too much rope.

THE SYMPATHIZER: Why, what's happened?

"She's skipped off."—*Bystander*.

WIFE (enthusiastically): Niagara! The most magnificent sight we've ever set eyes upon! Do you know, Henry, when I look at that, I just feel as though I can't say anything at all.

HENRY: Well, shut up, then!—*Passing Show*.

SON: What's a genius, Pop?

POP: A genius is a man who can rewrite a traveling salesman's joke and get it accepted by the Ladies' Home Journal.—*Cornell Widow*.

PARSON JOHNSON: "De choir will now sing, 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free,' while Deacon Ketcham passes de hat. De congregation will please 'member dat while salvation am free, we hab to pay de choir foh singin' about it. All please contribute accordin' to yo' means an' not yo' meanness."—*Boston Transcript*.

Two colored gentlemen who had just reduced the population in a farmer's hen-roost were making a get-away.

"Laws, Mose," gasped Sam, "why you s'pose them flies follows us so close?"

"Keep gallopin', nigger," said Mose, "them ain't flies. Them's buckshot."

MADGE: What do you think of a fellow who is constantly deceiving his wife?

GEOFFREY: He's a marvel!—*London Mail*.

The meanest man we've heard of is the Scotchman who took his gun, went outside the house and fired it, and then told his children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.—*Farquhar Firecracker*.

Humorous Anecdotes

DRILL INSTRUCTOR: Did you make that face at me?

RAW RECRUIT: No corporal, you just happened to walk in front of it.

Not Safe

SJT.-MAJOR: Hop it—I can't have you making that noise round here.

BUGLER (at practice): Why! I am only trying the new fire alarm.

SJT.-MAJOR: It's not safe—you know what happened to the walls of Jericho, don't you? Besides, the walls of these married quarters are not used to such sweet music.—*The Sapper*.

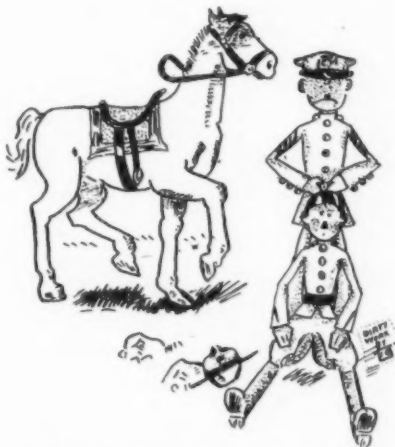
Pome

Sally ate some cake,
Sally ate some jelly;
Sally went to bed,
With a pain in her—
Now don't be mistaken,
Don't be misled;
Sally turned in
With a pain in her head.
—*Tennessee Tar*.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
I can row a boat,
Canoe?

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
Almonds are nuts,
And so are you.

Roses are red,
Sometimes they're pink;
Your feet smell like roses
I don't think.
—*Pearl Harbor Weekly*.



"Well, what th' 'ell's matter with you?"
"Ask the horse!"

THE FAMILY SOLICITOR (discussing awkward entanglement): But what induced you to propose to her?

THE ENTANGLED: Well, I was dancin' with the girl, you understand, and—and—well, a feller can't jolly well keep on talkin' about the jolly floor and the jolly orchestra all the jolly time!—*Humorist*.

"The evidence shows that you threw a brick at the constable."

"'Scuse me, y' Honor, it shows I did better'n that. It shows I 'it 'im."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

A brawn Scotsman was visiting Niagara Falls in the company of an American friend. As they watched the great rush of water, the latter said:

"There's a story that if you throw a penny into the falls it will bring you luck."

"Is that so?" inquired the Scot. He considered a moment and then asked hopefully, "Ha' ye a bit o' string?"—*American Legion Weekly*.

"If you wore your garters around your neck," just think how long your sock would be!—*Wisconsin Octopus*.

What kind of tooth paste do you use?
Never use it; my teeth ain't loose.—*Thompson Tomcat's Yowl*.

Epitaph

Here lies the sad bones
Of poor Willie Whackers,
Who grew wild from eating
Wild animal crackers.
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

He: I wonder why they say love is the greatest thing in the world?

SHE: You've got me.
—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

Education is wonderful. Take the fellow who worked in a coal yard. In two weeks he discovered 1,800 pounds made a ton.—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket*.

MOUNTING THE GUARD

All hands and the post dog answer the roll-call at formal guard mount, which is a semi-weekly affair at Washington and other posts. Formal guard mount is a very impressive sight when executed properly, and one is always thrilled by it.

To properly conduct this function, the adjutant is required to forget everything that he is supposed to do, which he does quite often, although you may not think so.

Then the acting sergeant-major, usually enacted by a technical gunnery sergeant, promptly bares his saber, which has just lately been drawn from the quartermaster, and proceeds to cut his ear off in the process of baring.

The old guard is duly inspected by a very competent officer, and when the pencils and cigarette butts have been removed from the muzzles of their respective rifles, the list of men on the rebound is enormous.

The band sounds off. Why they should do this is more than I know. Perhaps it is to show the troops that they can still play a snappy march. Then, too, it does give the drum major an excellent chance to wield his baton.

The new guard is reviewed and the band is relieved by the drum and bugle corps of the post windjammers. The old guard passes in review to the tune of "Semper Fidelis," not too well rendered by the musics.

Both guards are inspected and dismissed by the ranking non-com, and, with a whoop and two hollers, all hands bound off the parade ground in a mad rush for their bunk, followed by the post dog, who usually gets playful and samples the winter field trousers of some unsuspecting penpusher.

Both guards can thereafter be found philosophizing on the inefficiency of junior officers while they rest their tired frames on the bare springs of their bunk. Then chow.

LEATHERNECK, JR.



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STRAIGHT FROM HEADQUARTERS

The newly-created ratings of master technical sergeant and supply sergeant made it necessary to design chevrons for these new noncommissioned officers, and opportunity has been taken to re-design all chevrons on a uniform basis corresponding in general to the chevrons of noncommissioned officers of the Army, in order that all officers and enlisted men may readily recognize the grade of the wearer. These new designs have been approved by the Major General Commandant.

The first grade of noncommissioned officers, namely, sergeant-major, quartermaster sergeant and master technical sergeant, will have chevrons of three bars, under which will be placed three arcs for the sergeant-major and three ties for the quartermaster sergeants and master technical sergeants. This involves no change in the design of these chevrons, but in the case of the dress chevron of the sergeant-major, scarlet cloth will be placed in the opening, as in the case of the winter service chevron. A small shield will be embroidered in the triangle of the chevron of the quartermaster sergeants detailed to the Adjutant and Inspector's Department, and those quartermaster sergeants serving with the Quartermaster's Department will have a small wheel embroidered in the triangle of their chevrons, while the master technical sergeants will wear the chevrons now used by quartermaster sergeants.

For the noncommissioned officers of the second grade—that is, first sergeants, gunnery sergeants, supply sergeants and drum majors, two arcs or ties will be placed underneath the bars. The lozenge

of the first sergeant will be in the triangle, the bursting bombs with crossed rifles in the triangle of the gunnery sergeant's chevrons, the quartermaster's wheel in the triangle of the supply sergeant's chevrons, and the star in those of the drum major. The latter noncommissioned officer will only have two ties underneath the bars, instead of three, as at present.

The only noncommissioned officer in the third grade is the staff sergeant, and no change has been made in his chevrons, except to fill in the triangle with scarlet cloth in the case of the dress chevron. No change has been made in the chevrons of sergeants or corporals, and the chevron of one bar now worn by lance corporals will hereafter be the designation of privates first class, the same as the Army, instead of the crossed rifles at present worn, and lance corporals hereafter will wear the corporal's chevrons on the right sleeve only.

It is the intention to issue these chevrons gratuitously to the service to replace those now worn by noncommissioned officers, those in stock to be sent to the Philadelphia Depot for alterations where necessary.

A contract has been made with the Metro-Goldwyn Picture Corporation (the same company which filmed "The Midshipman") for the production of a Marine Corps film. The scenario is being written by an ex-Marine, Herman J. Mankiewicz, who served over seas in the Second Division, and who is now a regular scenario writer on the Metro-Goldwyn staff. The picture is expected to be completed by the 1st of August. In other words, we have given the Metro-Goldwyn people sole rights to make a Marine Corps film. That does not mean that photographers may not be allowed to go into our posts and take photographs of the men for commercial or news purposes, but it does mean that we have to stick by the Metro-Goldwyn people so far as the production of a motion-picture film of the Marines is concerned. The picture will cost a couple of hundred thousand dollars to produce.

The Marine Corps Identification Section has many interesting cases coming up from time to time, and some of them are stranger than fiction. To illustrate, the following case of identification was recently made. A robbery was committed at one of the Marine Corps posts, and after completing the investigation, the commanding officer requested information as to whether there was any man in the garrison familiar with finger prints, as finger prints were the only clues that had been found that might lead to the guilty person or persons. Someone had observed a diploma decorating the wall above the bunk of a gunnery sergeant, certifying that he, the gunnery sergeant, was a graduate of a certain school and was qualified to do secret-service and finger-print work. Thereupon the commanding officer called upon him to unravel the mysterious robbery by procuring latent finger impressions which the robber had left behind.

Upon completion of the sergeant's investigation, he forwarded a set of finger prints to headquarters, where upon examination they were found to be his own, and he was subsequently confined in the guardhouse.

Gains and Losses, 1925

Enlistments reported	6,691
Joined from desertion.....	520

Total gain during the year 1925	7,211
Separations, expirations of enlistments, and the many other causes	8,864

Net loss during year 1925.....	1,653
Strength December 31, 1924.....	19,355
Strength December 31, 1925.....	17,702
Average strength for year.....	18,252

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE—HOW AN OLD WOMAN WON A PRIZE

A great many years ago a prominent merchant in Taunton promised to an eccentric old woman named Lucy King, living in the neighboring town of Berkeley, a desirable prize if, taking her subject from the Bible, she would compose a riddle which he could not guess. She won the prize with the following:

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body God did make complete,
But without arms, or legs or feet;
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me my name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray;
Thousands of miles I go in fear
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise, which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when from me the soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands, or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen man I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.

No right nor wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;
To heaven I shall never go,
Or to the grave, or hell below.

Now, when these lines you slowly read,
Go search your Bible with all speed;
For that my name's recorded there,
I honestly to you declare.

To the first twenty Marines sending me the correct solution I will post a copy of a splendid booklet, "The Conqueror of the World," by J. Frank Hanly, former Governor of the State of Indiana. Send your answers to

DR. JOHN H. CLIFFORD,
347 Madison Ave.,
New York.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Twelve months ago I accompanied a battalion of the Sixth regiment to Cuba. The commander was Major Arthur White, and I shall not soon forget the looks of dismay on the faces of some of his men when they saw the permanent barracks at Guantanamo at which they were expected to make their camp. The old campaigners, however, knew from past experience that no matter what the situation or condition of things on arrival it would not be long before all would be changed.

The battalion remained in Cuba for nine months and I have just been privileged with a sight of one of the best sets of photographs on which the eyes could rest. They were the pictures of the camp when the command returned to the United States and from those who had assisted in planning and building the splendid barracks and equipment now in use, I am assured that it is the prettiest and best station in the Marine Corps.

When Marines clean up the desert places the work is well done, and when they start in to make that place their home, whether for a few months or for permanent use, it becomes a thing of real worth, and the very best that can be done. Many a French village today remembers those days of 1917-18 when a company of Marines came along and in speedy and practical fashion cleaned up their streets, removed their piles of manure from their front doors, and made their sadly neglected villages sanitary. It has been so wherever the flag has taken the men of our corps for service.

Parris Island has been a constant source of wonder to those who knew it in the years gone by and is a splendid tribute to the work of the men of the corps who have labored to fulfill the vision of those who thought it might become a worthwhile place in which to work and live. Sergt. M. P. Sager is one of those workers who feels that one gets out of one's work in great measure what one puts in. Sager is in charge of the farm and produces from it the equal of any farmer in the South.

Corpl. Gordon Harris is another man not afraid of hard work, therefore with his squad of men the boulevard, which eventually will connect up with the bridge to bring the mainland nearer, is making steady and splendid progress toward completion.

The control of the east and west galleys has passed to the expert management of Lieutenant Byrd, and, of course, now the records of the main station will be attained in the matter of both provision and cooking. Joseph L. Coleman is acting sergeant major at the east wing, and with his thirteen years of service is ever alert to make of his men the very best.

At the main station Mess Sergeant Wells is still chief instructor, with Sergt. John E. Connors as assistant. Sergeant Russel White, who came out of Philadelphia five years ago, is making good as chief instructor for the mess of the east and west wing.

Supply Sergt. E. J. Marin is very happy today in the acquirement of a baby

Marine Corps Institute
SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT

February 1, 1926

Total number individuals enrolled.....	7,581
Total number individuals enrolled since last report.....	389
Total number individuals disenrolled since last report.....	431
Number examination papers received during period.....	2,955
Number examination papers received during year.....	5,237
Total number graduates to date.....	2,729

girl who arrived on the island late in 1925. Both mother and daughter are well. Sergt. S. E. Cuddy is the official preserver of facial copies of all who enter the east wing. His collection of pictures must be fine for a student of character.

Sergt. A. D. Sullivan, with all the characteristics associated with the name, is constantly seen around the main station while his duties, I believe, are beyond an official count. The sergeant of the guard is the noble two hundred and forty pounder, Ellis T. Walter. Walter and Sullivan have, rare good times together for they about equal each other in their ability to see the bright side of every question.

TO "DOC" CLIFFORD

I know a man kind of soul,
Who inspired by God's word
Lifts Heavenward the souls
Of other mortals that they may gird
Themselves with the armor of our Lord.

He's a Marine, this man, so big at heart,
His kindness is betrayed by his smile
And twinkling eyes. He is a part
Of our corps and has been working a while
To bring us nearer to our Lord.

May we ever honor and respect this man,
Who tells us, God is ever nigh
And willing to help us. I know we can
Do much to help him in his work by
Bringing others into the light of our Lord.

—By ALEXI.

MARINES IN THE FIELD OF
LITERATURE

RAYMOND J. NOLAN, U. S. M. C.

The accomplishments of sea soldiers have been heralded by no less a personage than the poet laureate of England—Rudyard Kipling—in his poem written for the British Marines.

Few people, if any, have ever given a thought to the fact that Marines are literary men. But it does not seem impossible that they should be, for their life is fraught with picturesque adventures.

So it is not strange that we find that many of our present day writers of fiction and truth and makers of compelling drama were formerly or are now Marines. It is true that some of them followed that particular line of endeavor before entering the service, but on the other hand many of them have been developed by the corps.

Chief among this group of literateurs is Courtney Riley Cooper. Cooper had been a successful story writer before entering the service and only served during

the war, but the corps had its influence, for together with Cowling he published "Dear Folks at Home," and for a long time after the war published stories that were about Marines or fighting men.

Capt. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the inspiring play, "What Price Glory," which so inspiringly set forth the horror of war in all its bestiality and followed it later by "The Big Parade," a moving picture treating on the same subject, is one of the literary class who was developed by the Marine Corps. Before the war Stallings had been a newspaper reporter in Georgia. After the war and the loss of a leg Stallings became a dramatist, book reviewer and critic in a very short time. Most of his work so far has reflected his career as a soldier of the sea.

Thomas Boyd, who wrote "Through the Wheat," was also a member of this organization of warriors. Boyd saw service in France and even since the war; as much as nine years after he has written war stories most of which smack of truthful incidents.

One of the most popular Marine writers of today is still a member of the Corps. He is Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr., and in addition to being a writer of picturesque Marine stories he is also the illustrator of his own stories. Captain Thomason is at present in command of the Marine detachment of the U. S. S. *Rochester*, and in addition to his regular duties is writing a book which will contain his best works. Many of his stories have already appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, and more, we hope, are to follow.

In the connection relative to literary men who have already made their name known to the world as authors, there are others who at present are known but to a few who may some day blossom forth as first-rate authors.

Among them is John Culnan, the bard of the Leathernecks, whose chancies and triolets and epics are well known to the readers of the *LEATHERNECK*. Culnan has an ability for great things in the literary world, both as a poet and dramatist, and he is expected to come to the fore ere long.

Major Edwin North McClellan is at present working on the history of the U. S. Marine Corps, and when this tome is completed the major's path to fame will be well paved. Major McClellan has written several short stories about the Marines; some few in humorous vein have appeared in the *LEATHERNECK*.

This delving into literature on the part of Marines is a good thing for it is educating the laity into knowing just what a sea soldier really is. Time was when a Marine in winter field uniform went as far inland as Chicago and was welcomed as a Canadian officer probably of the Royal Northwest Mounted. Nowadays a Marine can go to any portion of his own country and be well known as a Marine and not mistaken for something else. This is in part due to the fact that the Marine Corps is holding the public eye in drama, moving pictures and literature produced by its own men of letters.

And just as a little advance tip we can tell you that two large moving picture concerns are at present working up typically Marine pictures to be presented to the world at large very soon.

And now we have but to sit back and wait for the developments of those who are putting the Marines before the world and in time we will find them to be leading figures in the literary world.



MAJOR McCLELLAN'S PAGE

The Corps' Historian Tells Some Interesting Stories



WHEN SUN YAT SEN CAME TO PEKING

It rankles yet. Sun Yat Sen did come to Peking, but that Englishman never paid me the ten Mexican dollars. I do not hold his baseness against the English—far from it—and little do I mind the loss of those silver cartwheels; but I resented his cocksureness that Sun Yat Sen lacked the nerve to keep his word and come to Peking. More, too, that Englishman stole from me the golden opportunity I so much wanted of ramming his words down his scoffing throat. I am still ires.

* * *

We were sitting at the mess with our after-dinner coffee. It had been a good dinner, and, outside of dear Julian causing me to burn my lips with the hot soup by pretending it was cool when he first sipped it, I was contented and pleased with existence. Our mess was in one of the Chinese houses inside the annex of the American Legation Compound, just across the canal from the Wagon-Lits. The Englishman was our guest. Conversant with political things Chinese, we all knew that President Yuan Shih Kai had invited Sun Yat Sen and Hwang Hsin to Peking, and that both had accepted.

* * *

It was with a cynical sarcasm that whined like a rusty hinge needing much oil that the Englishman spoke when he stirred my resentment. "I'll wager ten mex that he never even starts from Shanghai; he knows he's safe there!" Boiling inwardly, but in an even, icy tone that was as near an insult as one could use toward a guest, I quietly said: "Taken! Sun Yat Sen will keep his engagement with Yuan Shih Kai! He will come to Peking!" It flashed across my mind at that moment that Yuan Shih Kai had not kept faith with Sun Yat Sen and gone to Nanking, as he had solemnly agreed, to take the oath of *Presidentas*. We did not shake hands on the wager, but we all understood. It was a contract of honor. He spoke considerable in justification of his conclusion. I remained mute on the subject. I was afraid that all would not end with speech if I spoke. I had strong convictions. My faith in Sun Yat Sen's courage was supreme.

* * *

And why did I resent the attitude of him who cast aspersions on the First President of the Republic of China? I knew Sun Yat Sen. I had been with his republican army in the month of November, 1911, at the Gates of Nanking, then defended by the notorious Chang Hsun. I had talked with Sun Yat Sen at Shanghai. I had faith in his ideals—for ideals are the same the world over, when genuine. His courage had never been questioned in my presence before. Hunted and harried the world over by the Manchus, Sun Yat Sen had been true to those principles to which he had devoted his life. Absent from his fatherland when the initial blow had fallen in October, 1911, at Wuchang, he had hastened back

to arrive on Christmas day to lead, when few, if any, dared. Enough of this—I had faith and belief.

* * *

And so Sun Yat Sen did come to Peking on the 24th day of August in the year 1912. It is said that Hwang Hsin put one foot aboard the steamer, hesitated—and he who hesitates is lost—then removed that foot to the dock, and remained in Shanghai. I do not know if this be true, but I do know that he did not ride with Sun Yat Sen. At the time I wrote that the unanimous opinion in Peking was that Sun Yat Sen would be as safe in Peking as a "White Angel in Hell."

* * *

Eight days before Sun Yat Sen arrived, Yuan Shih Kai caused the execution of two patriots of the revolution—Feng Wei and Chang Chen Wu. That did not deter Sun Yat Sen from keeping his date with Yuan Shih Kai. Hardly a Caucasian in Peking would accept a wager that he would come. The dice seemed loaded.

* * *

But Sun Yat Sen did come to Peking. I still have that picture in front of me. A tensely drawn one of a white, determined and courageous face, surrounded indistinctly with a blurred mass of soldiers, horses, pig-tailed Chinamen—for they still wore queues in Peking. That is my memory-picture today. I turn to my notes.

* * *

Yes, the white, firm face was indelibly impressed on my brain. The train arrived at twenty minutes to six in the evening. There was a crowd, large even for China. He rode from the depot at exactly six o'clock. A group of school children was there with a band. Chinese infantry and cavalry formed the escort. There Sun Yat Sen sat ALONE in one of the state-liest and most beautifully fitted carriages I have ever seen. Trimmed in imperial yellow, it was drawn by two handsome gray horses royally caparisoned. Sun Yat Sen was dressed in black and seemed pathetically alone. My heart warmed to him as never before. A solitary figure whom every onlooker feared—or hoped—would be a target for destruction at any moment. He was the symbol of courage and devotion to principle. I was proud of him as he rode down that lane of soldiered apathy. The Chinese infantry and cavalry closed in behind the carriage at a safe distance. No cheers, small enthusiasm. Fear seemed to dominate all but that courageous and honest man isolated in the royal carriage. A patriot throwing himself into the territory of an opponent, whose mind was Machiavellian, where only eight days before two other patriots of his political faith had been executed.

* * *

Sun Yat Sen is dead, but his spirit still lives on, and some day will prevail.

* * *

I never saw that Englishman again

COLUMBIA'S COURIERS

It was Paris. The World War was gathering its pro rata along the Western Front—that International Toll Bridge to Death. America had entered Mar's Arena, none too soon. The millions were funneling to the fighting areas along the Atlantic water lanes.

* * *

The King's messengers were passing from London to the uttermost parts and back. Frequently they were high-ranking messengers—often wearing the insignia of generals.

* * *

America, too, had her faithful sons who performed the same service. They were no King's messengers. They were couriers of Columbia. Their rank was more often low than high. Certainly there were no generals in the loyal group of American Marines that tracked the earth's surface, carrying secret information from the President and his helpers to the capitals of the world, to the frontiers and to the war fronts. The King's messengers were uniform; the American couriers were none.

* * *

And it was Paris of the bread ticket, of the saccharine, and of the feminine baggage smashers.

* * *

A train pulled into Paris from Rome. Among the passengers were a King's messenger (of brigadier-general rank) and a United States courier, with rank much inferior to field officer. This courier of Columbia had many times carried the secret pouches of the United States to the American Embassy at Paris. His agent, in civies, always met his train. The King's messenger was greeted by a sergeant in uniform. Both confidential messengers tossed their baggage and pouches out the windows to their waiting assistants. The American's effects were placed on a little three-wheeled baggage truck, chauffeured by a smiling French lass, who had come to know the American. She always met his train, and, to a cautious degree, he trusted her. Still he had his helper there. The sergeant put the pouches of the King's messenger on top of those of Columbia's courier. The general and the American detrained.

* * *

Glaring pompously and with an affronting manner, the King's messenger almost stuttered as he blared out to his man: "Sergeant, what is that STUFF doing on the truck with the King's mail? No answer from the quivering sergeant. "Well, take that STUFF off! Take it off! That cannot ride with the King's mail!" A sacrilege seemingly had been committed. The sergeant, responding to his habit of obedience, laid hand on the American pouches. Then—

"Just a moment, general," quietly interposed Columbia's courier, and addressing the King's messenger: "General, that STUFF is UNITED STATES MAIL, and if you do not want that MAIL on there with the King's mail, take off the King's mail." The King's messenger writhed, but gruffly ordered the sergeant to re-

move the King's mail. That ended the incident, except the report of it to the American Embassy by the American courier.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SEPARATE AIR FORCE

Would the Supreme Court declare unconstitutional a law creating a separate air force?

* * *

The Constitution of the United States became operative about 135 years ago. The fathers of the Constitution exhibited uncanny foresight, but they were neither seers nor prophets. Battles fought on land and on or under the water formed their martial horizon. National destinies determined in the air was undreamed of.

* * *

The Constitution expressly directs Congress to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a Navy, and to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

* * *

An army pertains to land and a navy to water. Is there one word of the Constitution relating to air? The legal expert on constitutional law replies: "Yes, by way of implication!" But more of that anon.

* * *

Infantry, artillery, engineers, anti-aircraft, tanks, all are land matters and are of the army. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, airplane-carriers, all are water matters and are of the navy. But a flying machine—lighter or heavier than air—certainly belongs neither to land nor water, neither to army nor navy as contemplated by the Constitution. It belongs to the third element of the ancients that the Constitution mentions not—the air.

* * *

The Constitution provides that the President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. At present he is Commander-in-Chief of the two air forces, since they form part of either the Army or the Navy. Would the President be the constitutional commander-in-chief of a separate air force if a law created one? It would be neither the Army nor the Navy.

* * *

The Constitution confers power on Congress to make rules concerning captures on "land and water." Is a constitutional amendment necessary in order that Congress may make rules concerning captures "in the air"?

* * *

Leave it all to the Supreme Court. That exalted and infallible tribunal will find a way. Remember that the Constitution confers implied as well as express powers on Congress. The supreme right of national self-defense and of adequate preparation for war and its prosecution to victory will be held to be within the four corners of the Constitution, for Congress has the express power to declare war and to provide for the common defense and welfare.

* * *

Let not the Constitution worry those who believe in a separate air force or service.

THE PEARL HARBOR MARINES

By EDWIN NORTH MCCLELLAN

All work and no play would make a dull boy of a Leatherneck same as any other lad.

A busy military post has a better chance of being happy than one where sloth and idleness doth rust and corrupt.

Variety's the spice of life; and what's one sea soldier's meat is another's poison.

Service athletics is a function of military command in the Marine Corps as it has an important bearing on military morale and esprit-de-corps.

A casual visitor to the home of the Marines at Pearl Harbor would probably pass up reveille, that uplifting and sleep-disturbing clarion that breaks the silent stillness of the early morning. However, if Mr. Casual Somnambulist did arrive at that ungodly hour he would view the Leathernecks going through their first body-building and will-developing exercises of the day with calisthenics of varied variety. Let's pass quickly over that because it's too early for any of us.

As Mr. Casual Visitor approaches the barracks through the shade of the monkey-pods, he hears above the stirring music of Bandmaster Arnold's post band, the smooth-flowing unemotional voice of 1st Lieut. Harvey B. Alban, explaining to his football students the intricate details of his newest forward pass. Lieutenant Alban is a clean-cut athlete from the Middle West. Lithe as Fenimore Cooper's Uncas and possessing a driving power that appears only when necessity for it arises, Mr. Alban carries all the requisite qualities of a successful football coach. He is a teacher, a fundamentalist, a strategist, and a worker, who believes in mental alertness and intelligent use of brawn. He gained his experience at football at his Alma Mater—St. Louis University of Missouri. He's from that great state where they greet you with "Show me!" and if his students can't do that little thing, why Coach Alban can.

With the cream of his moleskin strength skimmed to feed the All-Navy football squad, there was nothing left to Lieutenant Alban but a potential possibility, if you know what that means. Not one candidate reported who had ever played football before. And yet no team has ever shown a more indomitable fighting spirit. As a result the whole post is infused with the scrappy morale of the football eleven and the spirit developed by it will serve as a tonic for all the athletic teams in other branches of sport.

As you thus reflect upon brain and brawn and other matters you hear a clanging bell nearby. Looking over toward the roofed-in squared circle you see Pay Clerk Walter J. Sherry, stopwatch in hand, trying out his stable of leather-pushers. A scientific and able exponent of the sport he teaches, the sea soldiers are lucky to have that calm, unassuming, efficient Mr. Sherry as an instructor and guide in fistic matters. For several months Pay Clerk Sherry has been somewhat under the weather, but that has neither dampened his ardor nor slowed up his indefatigability in teaching and leading his sea fighters.

Absorbed in Sherry's bunch of scrapers Mr. Casual Visitor finally breaks the charm and notices that a new group of Maritime soldiers have appeared on the gridiron. The ball is round this

time—not oval. They are Capt. George Bower's soccer players. Captain Bower is a busy man, for he is post adjutant, but he manages to find the time to teach the soccer students how to dribble, pass and shoot. Having been a member of the University of Pennsylvania soccer team, Captain Bower is thoroughly qualified in ability to transmit what he knows to his pupils. His Devildogs playing as the Navy team last year made a splendid impression and this season's material should be moulded by Captain Bower into a strong combination. His team will carry fangs that will bring respect from its opponents.

Next Mr. Casual Visitor hears a jumbled medley of sounds forcing its way out of every opening in the gymnasium. It sounds like a basketball game—and it is. Inside the gym a practice game of basketball is going on under the keen eyes of Capt. Donald Curtis. Last year the Leathernecks struggled along and supported a basketball team without the aid of a coach—and they did pretty well at that. This season, however, the Marines have a capable and successful mentor in the stocky and genial Capt. Don Curtis, a product of the United States Naval Academy, whose forbears learned the gentle art of fighting back in the Revolution. Not a prophet nor loquacious—but rather economical—in his prognostications, Captain Curtis will vouchsafe but one remark and that is—"We've good material; they're thinkers, willing and hard workers; they've lots to learn; we'll come around in a month or so and we'll know more."

While all this is going on around the barracks, the swimming pool near the Y. M. C. A. is being churned up by the web-footed soldiers. Supreme in this branch of physical effort locally among the services, it takes no soothsayer to foretell that the future looks rosy for the Gyrene swimmers. First Lieut. Lewis R. Stickles, the post athletic officer, is coaching the Knights of the Ocean Wave in this sport and all is well.

But this is not all. The tale is but half told. Under Marine Corps regulations every Marine must do a certain amount of running, broad and high jumping, bar vaulting, etc., every month. Mr. Casual Visitor was informed that the company officers attend to this work in the form of mass athletics. The visitor sees all this as he wanders and wanders around the post. He also notices four fine handball courts being overworked. He observes the tennis court kept busy by the Gyrenes; and the punching bags and other apparatus in the gym actively engaged.

Mr. Casual Visitor in a third visit to the gym receives a surprise. Peeping in he sees a considerable number of the Marines teaching others to dance to the tunes of the post band. Can you beat that, but it is good exercise and comes within the purview of athletics, say they.

Hearing a loud cheer from the direction of the Post Exchange Mr. Casual Visitor drops in and views a titanic battle of the cues. The post pool championship is just being decided. The tournament is in charge of 1st Lieut. Donald G. Oglesby, the Post Exchange officer, than whom there is no more efficient officer in the Marine Corps or one who takes a greater interest in providing amusement for the men.

Mr. Casual Visitor then wends his way homeward wondering how they do it.



S-P-O-R-T-S



ED. HAGENAH

Sports Editor

OTTO DANDER

San Diego

F. A. HART

Philadelphia

LEFTY RAFFOLD

Quantico

P. H. UHLINGER

Norfolk

JEFF DANIELS

Parris Island

PARRIS ISLAND QUINTET TAKES TRIO OF GAMES FROM FORT MOULTRIE SOLDIERS

By JEFF DANIELS

Parris Island Marines completed a three-game series with the Fort Moultrie soldiers recently, winning all three games with a comfortable margin, and outplaying the soldiers in every phase of the game. The respective scores of the three games—42 to 16, 37 to 16, and 30 to 17—were made decisively, but not easily. The soldiers never once gave up in any part of the three games, and at times carried the game to the Marines. The last was the outstanding of the three games, in that the doughboys struggled valiantly to keep the Leathernecks from a complete win.

Parris Island presented a quintet that will probably be even greater than last season's star outfit. Although not overburdened with reserve material, the Leathernecks have two good strings that it is thought will make a good showing against the stiff opposition that is scheduled for them through the season.

In the third game of the series, Grissom, star pivot man of the Marines, scored eleven out of fifteen points in the first half, and four out of sixteen in the second. His confident method of receiving passes and shooting the hamper was a feature of the games, and one that was noisily applauded by the capacity crowds which filled the post gymnasium.

Levey, captain of the Marines' basketballers, and one of the Marine Corps' outstanding athletes, gave the crowds his usual treat of deceptive passing, stellar defense work, and true shots from long range. Although comparatively small in stature, he is the big man of the Marine offense, and apparently has the confidence of his teammates. Seldom did the ball fall into the hands of the Leathernecks that it did not tack down the floor for at least "try for goal," Levey usually being the main spring in the Marine works.

Peters, his running mate at forward, was a conspicuous cog in the Marine machinery, and "Ironhead" Phillips, at guard, proved to be always in the way of the soldier attack. His running mate, Woods, recently christened the "Gallop-Ing Goose," because of his long stride, and apparent inability to remain stationary for the shortest period, clinched his position on the varsity, and will undoubtedly be one of the outstanding figures in Parris Island basketball this season. Over six feet in height, he seemed to all but

reach up and drop the ball into the hoop.

Starting the last game with a rush, Paul, soldier guard, was a dynamo of action, and certainly played in hard luck, a number of his shots seeming to change their course when virtually in the loop. However, his smiling good nature and consistent hard work did much to keep his team going. Taylor, captain and center, was a pivot man of worth, getting the jump on Grissom not a few times. He attempted long-range shots, which, although close, failed to connect. This failing, the soldiers had little chance, as they found it pretty nearly impossible to get a free shot from deep territory.

Lamb and Paul made a noble attempt to stem the furious and bewildering attack of the Marines, but could not stop the heavy onslaught. Albeit one-sided, the soldiers did not at one instance give up the fight, and that they scored at all is cause for praise.

The summary:
Marines—Levey, rf.; Peters, lf.; Grissom, c.; Woods, rg.; Phillips, lg.
Soldiers—Seltensrich, rf.; Griffith, lf.; Taylor, c.; Paul, rg.; Lamb, lg.
Referee—Larson.
Umpire—Spicer.
Timer—Miller.
Scorer—Wetja.

JIMMY PENCE ELECTED CAPTAIN OF NEW ORLEANS NINE

The New Orleans Marine nine recently organized for the coming season, and elected James C. Pence captain. Although some of the best players from last year's squad have been lost, the Marines feel they will be well supplanted by new material being developed.

Sergt. LeRoy Wright and Corporal Kuykendahl will constitute the leading battery for 1926. Kuykendahl will be remembered by many as one of the best catchers in the Corps. The Marine baseball team has entered the Commercial League of New Orleans, and in the play-off series will meet some of the best pro nines in the South.

Lieut. Verne J. McCaul is managing the ball team, and feels that they will bring back the local championship "bacon" to the barracks.

BASEBALL SEASON OPENS FOR SAN DIEGO NINE

Stolle and Vitek Leading Hurlers—
Data Regarding Diego

By OTTO DANDER

Closing the football season as runners-up to the champions, San Diego immediately jumped into basketball togs and their cage team to date is holding fourth place in the Service League.

Considering the short length of time allotted Lieuts. Pate and Davies in whipping a court team into shape, the team's standing is not far from noteworthy. Ryckman, grid celebrity, is holding down the jumping berth for the courtmen, with Goldmeyer, Weber and Adkins playing good, steady games. In the first game with the Destroyer Base we trimmed the sailors, 18-9. The 35th Division were the next to go down before a score of 48-18. Big Ryck was an outstanding scorer in both of these frays, although closely pushed by Goldmeyer and Weber, whose long shots were at times miraculous. Davies and Aman excelled as guards, letting very few attempts go for scores.

We put over a clean victory in defeating the 34th Division, 20-7. The Submarine force were the first to down us and did so to the score of 40-21. These Substers are considered to be one of the best quintets on the coast, and so we feel no great amount of humility at being defeated by them.

Baseball Starts

Baseball, our great American pastime, is just getting under way and from the looks of things we are going to have a championship team here this year. Captain Lott, our athletic officer, is coaching. Our pitching staff looks like a bunch of big leaguers and are rounding rapidly into shape. Joe Vitek, last year's twirling star, is still with us and will be ably assisted by Stolle, the same Stolle who pitched such wonderful ball at Quantico and Washington last year. Also Big Jim Baylis is with us and every one in the corps knows what kind of a chucker he is. There are also three or four others that will do their share toward winning the pennant. Cavanaugh and Pollnow, catchers; Hyrisco, shortstop, and Harbour, outfielder, have joined us from Mare Island and therefore boom our hitting and fielding up a hundred per cent. Other infielders from last year who are expected to go strong this year are Hinckle, Hollis, Schindler, Kranviskey and a few others. The most promising outfielders are Stolle, Hemphill, Hughes, our sick bay

representative, and several others who look promising.

The first practice game of the opening season was held with the Naval Air nine, in which we stepped out and trimmed the flyers, 8-7.

Iron Arm Stolle started the twirling for us and was relieved in the fifth by Vitek. Stolle and Vitek both pitched excellent ball, as they only allowed three runs between them in the eight frames that they were in the box. In the ninth inning we sent in a couple of relief chuckers to see how they would go. Farrar started it but didn't do so well, as he issued a walk, a single and another walk. Tomey relieved him with the bases loaded, but we pulled out of a tight hole and won the game by one single marker. The hitting of the team was good. Shindler leading with a homer and a couple of safe bingles; Hemphill, Rice, Hughes and the others came through with safe hits also. We journeyed to Golden Hill and had a nip-and-tuck for eleven innings. Both teams played splendid ball, with the slab artists having the heavy hitters eating out of their hands. Neither team was able to score until the eighth inning, when we managed to slip two runs over. The Golden Hillers came back in the ninth when a single and a homer tied the score. Both teams battled it out for two extra innings but neither side could push across a run, so the game was called after eleven innings of hard baseball. Tiny Joe Vitek started on the mound for us and held them scoreless for seven innings. Stolle relieved him in that frame and got by nicely except for the ninth. The hitting was not so good in this game; in fact, the pitchers were not letting either team connect.

We played our first official game with Fleet Air, scoring an easy victory, the score being 18-8. It was the official opening of our field and we started off right by winning the first game.

We also have our regular monthly smokers and some very good bouts are seen. We usually have five fast bouts with plenty of action. The next smoker comes off on the 30th of this month and Lieut. E. E. Hall expects to put on a nice card for that evening. We also have a monthly dance here in our beautiful reception room. So far we have had three enlisted men's dances and one given by the officers; an enjoyable evening was had by every one present at all four of the dances, and all those who did not attend sure missed a good time.

SERVICE BASKETBALL STANDING

TEAMS	G.	W.	L.	P.C.
Omaha	8	8	0	1.000
N. T. S. "Boots"	10	9	1	.900
Submarines	8	7	1	.875
Fleet Air	9	7	2	.777
Marines	7	7	2	.715
Division 31	9	5	4	.511
Naval Air Station	8	4	4	.500
Melville	10	5	5	.500
Division 35	9	4	5	.444
Division 32	10	4	6	.400
Naval Hospital	9	3	6	.311
Division 30	9	3	6	.311
Division 34	9	3	6	.311
Division 36	10	1	9	.100

SHORTS on SPORTS

By ED HAGENAH, Sports Editor

For all-around athletes it is really hard to find a greater collection than the combination stationed at Parris Island. Now, we mean all-around athletes, not specialists in any one sport.

For example we'll mention a few of the many, and there are many.

Probably the best is "Seconds Smith." Then there is Whiz Bang Levy and Peters. These three worthies are prominent in every branch of sports the Island goes in for, with a possible exception of boxing and we'd lay two canteens against a faded puncho that they could mix a little at that. But if it's baseball, football, basketball or track you're bound to see or read about one of the above, and usually all of the trio, being among the shining stars in a game.

They are a great trio and an asset to any post.

What have you? Let's hear about them!

Although the winter winds still howl around this office, we had the first signs of spring brought to us the other day when New Orleans wrote in and stated that they had started baseball practice.

Hot Doggy—

The next letter made us throw our overcoats out of the window. It read, "We are now playing ball—San Diego, Otto Dander."

Headline: Army and Navy Game to Be Played in Chicago in 1926. Bet the boys from Chicago are feeling big time now!

An old-timer wrote in the other day and asked, "Tell us something about this here game of lacrosse."

First tell us about it.

Captain Lott, post athletic officer, Marine Base, San Diego, in a recent article published in the Marine Base Weekly, states that the San Diego eleven played before over 140,000 people during the past football season.

Well, that's 140,000 more folks who now know how Marine Corps football is played.

Guess if the fans who saw the All-Marine and Parris Island aggregations in action during 1925 were added together it would run into much population.

Writer wanted to know the names of ten of the Corps most renowned football players. We sent him ten and a few for good measure. They follow: Geottge, Ryckman, Liversedge, Beckett, Duncan, Neale, Sanderson, Henry, McHenry, McQuade, Groves, Bailey, Levensky, Brunelle and McMains.

Right? If not, let us know.

If he had asked for just plain athletes in all branches of sports we would be writing yet.

Bud Fisher, the big butter-and-egg man at headquarters, says he will never manage another baseball nine.

So's your Aunt Minnie!

Can you picture Bud sitting back in a grandstand and letting someone else bawl out a headquarters nine from the bench?

W. V. writes from Quantico: "Is there any chance of there being a boxing smoker at Quantico this winter?"

Sorry, but we can not give you any definite answer at this writing, W. V., although rumors have it that the big post will stage a corker sometime in February.

And W. V. isn't the only one who writes in asking the same question. It is our humble belief that a good live smoker would go good as a side dish to the basketball repast now being served Quanticans. There is nothing like a little variety to keep sports interest at top form.

Ask the boys at Diego or Parris Island.

Looking over an article from the Isle of Parris regarding basketball we see that Wetja acted as scorer.

He did the same thing during the football season, only in a different capacity. Pushing them over is a big difference from pushing a pen. And how that boy can push!

Gameness is one of the greatest assets a man can possess. How is this for a real example?

"Danny Shugrue and Tommy Young were fighting a six-round preliminary a few nights ago at the Pioneer Club in New York. The boys were going at it hammer and tongs for three rounds with honors about even when Shugrue's wife rushed to the ringside and informed her husband that his father had just died. Some boxers would have quit then and there, but Danny heaved a sigh and finished the job. He lost the decision to Young. The news of his parent's death affected his work in the remainder of the fight, but he finished the job at hand after taking the toughest blow he had ever received in a fight."

NEW LONDON FIVE STILL VICTORIOUS

Starting off with a string of victories that would do any "five's" heart good, the Sub Base Marine basketball team, of New London, Conn., has continued its winning ways.

Taking on the Niantic All-Stars at the base gym, the Marine quintet easily outplayed the visitors to the tune of 66 to 15. Not satisfied with their trouncing, the All-Stars met the Marines in a return game at the local Methodist Church gym, and were again drawn over the losing end of 68 to 13.

Following this the Marines took on the powerful New London Mebs, defeating them 21 to 18. The Marines have met and defeated seven teams, giving them a percentage of 100. They officially challenge any quintet within the local radius.

"SocKo!"

The heavyweight situation is becoming the laughing stock of the sporting world. What, with all their rulings against, for and with, is the final outcome of the tangle? You wait and see if somebody don't get mad at one of these conferences and poke someone in the gazook. Then it will be a free-for-all with everything fair. Even then the loser of the whole affair will be the cash customer—he won't be there. He was at all the others and didn't see anything.

After all is said and done, this column thinks there is one lad they are forgetting all about when they start picking possible and logical contenders for a crack at the heavy crown. Young Stribling!

Why? Well, there are many *whys* to be taken into consideration. Following are a few. Look them over and see how many count. Then give your decision.

First, Stribling has been more active in the past eighteen months than any two heavies; yes, light-heavies, too. He is a lad who has amazing strength, untold endurance and real ring stamina. It is felt in many circles that the Georgia boy has agreed beforehand to let many of his opponents stay the limit. The majority of these were mediocre fighters, yet on other occasions he has torn into good men and the result has been slow music. Combined with his power he has speed. Speed that is seemingly untiring, and which he displays in both his hands and legs to excellent advantage.

The boy was raised to be a fighter and is naturally endowed with a fighting instinct which is over fifty per cent. of any boxer's assets. Stribling possesses a left jab which causes a great deal of worry to his opponents and later far more damage. Add to these few features the fact that he is a ring general from the word "go" and you may readily see why William Stribling should be taken into consideration when you talk contenders for Dempsey's crown.

Heinie Gottesman, welterweight fighter, who was recently paid off in Quantic, has shipped over for Dover, N. J., and will continue to follow the glove game from there.

Gottesman is a lad who has shown a great deal of improvement in the last year and should be watched for some good results.

Little birds, the same ones who sing over your head as you recline on the canvas, bring us news from the West coast regarding the fight game among the Marine boxers stationed along those balmy shores.

It seems that each post is staging a series of regular smokers at which some excellent bouts are promoted. San Diego for one is going in strong for exhibits of the manly art under the supervision of Lieut. E. E. Hall.

Jack Hunt, light-heavyweight, stationed at Quantic, recently suffered severe injuries in a Chicago hotel when he tripped and fell on a stairway. He is now in one of the local hospitals.

Claims Corps' Welterweight Title



FRANKIE CHESLOCK

Here is what James J. Corbett has to say regarding the heavyweight question, and Jim ought to know:

"The failure to develop really worthwhile heavyweights in this era is something that puzzles me a lot. I can't figure out why seven years of concentrated effort has not brought forth a single man who really can be figured as a sure menace to Jack Dempsey's rulership.

"In 1919 Dempsey dethroned Jess Willard. That's more than six-and-a-half years ago. In that time at least 400 youngsters, each possessed of every physical attribute, have been given a dozen different opportunities to come along and lift themselves to such greatness that they could be counted as real contenders for a championship.

"Yet of that entire group of youngsters, who have been given glorious and golden opportunities in all those years, only one—Gene Tunney—has been able to stand the gaff of the fighting years. Every other one of the hundreds who were trained and tutored, and drilled by experts failed, sooner or later, to make the grade.

"Bob Martin, Jack Sharkey, Jack McAuliffe, Jim Maloney, Floyd Johnson, Joe Stessel, Sandy Siefert, Sully Montgomery—and a hundred others just like them—had every chance to make good if they really had the makings. Some did come along at a great clip for a while and show something that merited applause and caused high hopes among their partisans.

They All Died Out

"But, in the end, they all petered out. "Seven years ago the outstanding foe-man of Dempsey was Harry Wills. He's still that, although he is seven years older and, therefore, less likely by that many years to show the speed and the durability of youth.

"The passing years have not brought along anyone really worth while in the heavyweight ranks—of the younger generation—except Tunney. And Tunney is a puzzle. He is essentially a defensive fighter, so far as I can judge him. He is a great cow puncher, has endurance, can hit and he can take it.

"But I hardly think that a counter puncher is going to do an awful lot of damage to Dempsey. Jack likes to do the rushing and the tearing; he likes to take the fight to the other man. Let Dempsey fight his style of fighting and he's a rather sure thing to win—while he is still without white whiskers.

Tunney's Chances

"If Tunney remained on defensive with Dempsey, I think he would be fighting just as Dempsey would want him to fight. Dempsey is a fast man, ripping and cyclonic in his attacks. I don't think that Tunney is as fast as Dempsey. If that is true, then Dempsey would be rushing in, punching and be out of the way of a counter before Tunney could deliver it. And any battle fought that way could not terminate successfully for Tunney.

"The man who whips Dempsey must be as fast, if not faster, than the champion. He must take the fight away from Dempsey. He must set the pace—not let Dempsey do it. And he cannot remain on defensive. Dempsey has the furious aggressiveness that cannot be halted by ordinary boxing methods.

"And so after nearly seven years of kinging in the fistice realms Jack Dempsey does not seem to be in any more danger of being dethroned now than he was at the outset. For all the effort to develop a successor has done nothing except to perpetuate Wills as the outstanding rival and to bring along Tunney, whose present style of fighting doesn't seem to be destined to upset a world champion."

NAVAL ACADEMY GRIDDERS TO BE COACHED BY BILL INGRAM

William A. Ingram, better known as "Navy Bill," has been appointed football coach at the U. S. Naval Academy. Ingram recently announced his resignation as head grid coach of the University of Indiana.

In accepting this post, Ingram will be returning to his alma mater to teach the present group of Middies a sport he learned and excelled in while there. He graduated in 1920. He was All-American choice in 1919, and at that time captain of the team and commander of the regiment.

Ingram brings with him a very short, but well-experienced knowledge of the grid game, and his knowledge of the tactics of the football in the Western Conferences should do a great deal toward aiding Navy's chances against Michigan next year. It is felt that Ingram will turn out an eleven which should defeat Army when they clash at the completion of this year's season.

PARRIS ISLAND SPORTS

Varsity Cage Team Triumphs Over The Best In The South—Interpost League In Close Contest For Honors—Ladies In The Game Too—A Bit Of Boxing

By JEFF DANIELS

REPRESENTATIVE FIVE SPLIT EVEN WITH OUTSIDE TEAMS

Parris Island's basketball fortunes, since the last edition of the LEATHERNECK, have been as a pendulum. Playing four games in two weeks, the Island Marines have won two and lost two, all four games having been played with quintets of worth and reputation in the South.

Invading Charleston, S. C., for two games with Citadel College and the College of Charleston, the Island cagemen came out on the short end of both games, the Citadel winning with a final score of 35 to 17, and College of Charleston on the long end of a 49 to 38 score.

The two games played at Parris Island ended less fortunately for the visitors. Coming to Parris Island with a team unbeaten this season, the Savannah "Cats" met their first reversal with a score of 28 to 22. It was a thrilling contest, and one that was close throughout. The felines started the game with a rush, and only the stellar work of the Marine forwards brought the score up to and past the even mark. The Marines won the game in the first half.

The second game ended with an even score.

With a position at the top of the Savannah City League, the Stubb's Five came to the Island confident of victory, and the end of the first half found them ahead, 14 to 11. The initial half, however, was played with the Marines' second team. Three seconds after the opening whistle of the second half the first string scored, and from then on continued to make up the difference, and climbed up to 34 points, while the Savannah team reached 25.

The Island schedule calls for another invasion of Charleston this month. The Charleston Marines will be played a three-game series on their home court at the Navy Yard—Fort Moultrie soldiers at the fort, and the Sumpter Guards at the guards' hall. Upon their return to the post the Parris Island quintet will play a return game with the Savannah "Cats" at Savannah, and two home games with the Seaboard Air Line five, and the speedy and popular Jewish Educational Alliance quintet. The strength of the latter will be better understood by announcing that they are scheduled to meet the famous Celtics, of New York, this month.

Not a few other games with teams well known in the South are being scheduled for the Island Leathernecks by Lieut. Donald Spicer, acting post athletic officer. All in all, their schedule is an ambitious one.

EQUAL RIGHTS AT P. I.

Consistent with the general enthusiasm being manifested by the rank and file over basketball at the post, the ladies have organized two teams among the wives of the commissioned officers and non-coms. The ladies practice three mornings a week at the post gym, and soon will be seeking games with outside teams. At the present time the female version of the cage game is limited to morning games between the two teams. The present membership of the two teams, known as the "Blues" and the "Krazy Kats," consists of: Officers' wives—Mrs. Blanton, Mrs. Medairy, Mrs. Bartoe (capt.), Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Jeter, Mrs. Goode, Mrs. Robins and Mrs. Nicholas. Non-coms' wives—Mrs. Farner, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Bissett (capt.), Mrs. Morrow and Mrs. Kane.

A BIT OF BOXING

With the transfer of Walter (Kid) Vance, one of the corps' outstanding lightweights, to Philadelphia, and Battling George Verner, middleweight, to Lakehurst, Parris Island has lost two boxers who are probably the best in their class in the Marine Corps. But, that is the business of Parris Island—to make 'em.

The loss of these two fighters does not detract from the consistent interest in the game at the post by any means. There is always new material in the hundreds of recruits that come to the Island every month, and Lieut. R. A. Boon, father of the fistie game at this post, is always on the lookout for promising youngsters whether their experience has been little or much.

The post still has Jack Jucker, a hard-hitting middleweight; Kid Huckaby, a lightweight of great promise; Art Hogan, a good welter, and innumerable ambitious youngsters who only await their opportunity to show their wares. A boxing carnival is now being arranged for the latter part of this month, which will probably disclose some new bets in the boxing line. At the Island they make 'em, and lose 'em—but always make some more.

BASEBALL AND TRACK

Word has been received here that the All-Marine baseball team will head for Parris Island the twenty-fifth of this month, and preparations are underway to make the team's visit here a pleasant, as well as profitable one.

SEVEN INTERPOST TEAMS VIE FOR HONORS

Basketball has taken a firm grip on the entire population of Parris Island. With the post varsity quintet jaunting off to nearby cities for week-end series and single games, interest in the Interpost League has increased to such an extent that the post gym is nightly the scene of a large and enthusiastic crowd. Members of the various detachments comprising the league have organized cheering sections, and during the fray make the gym a bedlam of noise as the rival detachments cheer their representative teams on to victory.

Composed of seven teams, the league is going on record as one of the most successful in the history of the cage game at the post. Playing every evening except Sunday gives each team approximately two games a week, which is resulting in a wholesome and consistent interest. The addition of a commissioned officers' team, known as the "Grays," has done much to increase the general spirit of the league, and the games in which they take part are usually the occasions of an unusually large throng in attendance. The squad at present consists of Major Lowell, Captain Bartoe, Captain Gladden, Captain Rea, Lieutenant Spicer, Lieutenant Knorr, Lieutenant Larson, Lieutenant Nurman, Lieutenant Purple and Q. M. Clerk Eagan.

Statistics of the league at the present writing disclose the Rifle Range at top place, with a total of six games. The Training Station is next in line, with four wins out of five games played.

The present standing is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Points
Rifle Range	5	1	119
Naval Hospital	5	2	122
Training Station	4	1	108
F. M. D.	3	3	141
Officers	2	3	58
Main Station	1	5	87
Service Co.	0	6	61

An important feature of the new athletic field will be the baseball diamond and quarter-mile cinder track.

That Parris Island was selected as the ideal place to train Marines, is recommendation enough. For the training of athletes it is no less valuable. Quarters and chow are the best; climate is as advertised in the best real estate pamphlets, and conditions are such that athletes in training are hindered little in their work by the curious throngs which usually find their way to the public training camps.

All in all, Marine teams which come to the Island for training will be sure of an enjoyable and profitable visit. The Commanding General will see to that.

QUANTICO SPORT COMMENTS

By "LEFTY" RAPPOLD

Close to 2,000 fight fans jammed their way into the post gym here recently to witness the opening of the 1926 boxing season at this post. And those 2,000 patrons of the fistic industry left, satisfied that they had seen a series of bouts that would be hard to beat anywhere. Although only three fights of three rounds each were on the card, there was enough action in those nine innings to suit all hands.

In the main event of the evening Battling McNeill upset the well-known dope bucket by earning a draw with Jimmie Hill, pride of Roanoke and erstwhile light-heavyweight champion of the Marine Corps east of the Mississippi. Hill, who had done only five days training in four months, lumbered around the ring like a Mack truck, trying in vain to swap punches with the fleet McNeill. To the writer, who has seen him move his poundage around the arena with incredible swiftness, his showing was very disappointing. He got in the only effective punches of the fight in the initial round when he backed Mr. McNeill in a neutral corner and hammered him quite frequently around the solar plexus and points north. After that one display of energy neither man delivered an effective blow. The judges declared it a draw, which was a very fair decision. Since the battle with McNeill, Hill has been working out every day and will be in the pink of condition for his next fight. Just who he will meet next is a mystery as yet, but Captain Gover intends to announce his opponent in a few days.

The semi-final was one of the most exciting bouts it has ever been my good fortune to see. Corporal Kegerize, of the Fifth regiment, and Private Braunstein, of the Tenth, mixed it up for three hectic rounds, after which Braunstein was declared the winner; but he had to fight hard to earn the decision. From the opening gong they hit each other with everything but the water bucket and gate receipts. Kegerize held Braunstein even until the third round, when he happened

to stop a right swing with his jaw and sat down for a rest. At the count of nine he sprang up and waded right in for more. This Kegerize is one game guy and you can lay to that.

The curtain raiser featured Young Brown and Irish McCartney, both 135-pounders. Brown, a pretty good boy when he's right, seemed off color and the Irishman won easily. McCartney fought a good, clean fight and deserved the victory.

All in all it was a good show, and Captain Gover deserves oodles of credit for the showing his proteges made. The captain is conducting a boxing school and intends to let his pupils display their wares to the public from time to time. The fight fans in these parts are looking forward to some ripping bouts this winter.

Major Coyle, Captain Baker and Lieutenant Jones were the judges, and their decisions were considered fair and just by all hands. Lieutenant Sage did the announcing, while Sergeant Bartley and Corporal Fleischer held the watches.

The first lap of the local basketball season is now well under way, with the Signal Battalion and Hospital tied for first honors in "A" League, and Lieutenant Gladden's Barracks Detachment five on top of the heap in the sister combination.

The pennant races this year are closer than ever before, and it's no lead-pipe cinch predicting who will cop the gonfalon in their respective league. The Signal outfit which, by the way, is composed entirely of ex-high school stars, seems not a whit better than the Hospital crew. These two teams have met twice, each winning a game. Oddly enough, neither game was settled until the last twenty seconds of play. And when two fives are as closely matched as that, you can't very well pick either one to bring home the groceries. The issue will prob-

ably be in doubt until March 8th, when the season closes. Then we shall see what we shall see.

The situation in "B" League is just as doubtful. Although the Barracks team has an unbroken string of victories, Captain Huck's Service Co. outfit is grimly hanging on, one game behind the leaders. This service gang is a very dangerous contender. Their biggest guns are Captain Huck and Brunk, two of the best floor men in either league. Although Service seems to play a faster and more aggressive game than Gladden's outfit, the M. P.'s are getting there just the same. Which goes to prove that, any way you take it, you can't figure the court game.

Here we are, picking the two best teams in each league, and the end of the season still a month off. Now that this article has broken in to print, some dark horse will probably come along and slap the present leaders for a column of fire extinguishers. It's a tough life, mates.

Anyhow, here are the standings, up to and including February 1st:

"A" LEAGUE				
Team	W.	L.	Pct.	
Signal Bn. -----	7	1	.875	
Hospital -----	7	1	.875	
Aviation No. 1 -----	6	2	.750	
Anti-Aircraft -----	5	3	.625	
Engineer Bn. No. 1 -----	4	4	.500	
Rifle Range -----	2	6	.250	
10th Reg't. No. 1 -----	1	7	.125	
5th Reg't. No. 1 -----	0	8	.000	

"B" LEAGUE				
Team	W.	L.	Pct.	
Barracks Det. -----	8	0	1.000	
Service Co. -----	7	1	.875	
10th Reg't. No. 2 -----	5	3	.625	
Engineer Bn. No. 1 -----	4	4	.500	
Headquarters Co. -----	3	5	.375	
5th Reg't. No. 2 -----	3	5	.375	
Aviation No. 2 -----	2	6	.250	
Motor Transport -----	1	7	.125	

WHAT D'YE KNOW?

(Continued from Page 11)

made. He kicked over all studio traditions. He lambasted the industry to a fareyewell. He became the most unpopular man in Hollywood. On every side the belief was general that "The Big Parade" would be a terrible frost. But Captain Stallings wasn't bluffed. He made his picture, and let the public, not the movie industry, judge.

I know that "The Big Parade" heads all lists of great moving pictures of the year. The critics were of one mind. The public is flocking to see the Stallings effort. It will be shown in Erie, in time,

at the Columbia Theatre. Then you can see for yourself the picture this marine captain made while the movie industry tried to howl him down and break him. While I have not seen "The Big Parade," I have read a thousand criticisms of it. It is said to be one of the finest pictures ever made, by anybody, anywhere.

I know that it has been said of Marines that they are too cocky—think too well of themselves. Maybe they do. But they had to fight every inch of the way to obtain their present rating with the public. Always they were known as great fighters, but there was such a handful of them that nobody, outside the military experts, paid much attention to them. The Army and Navy used to pick on them. In the social order there were

civilians, soldiers, sailors, dogs, and then Marines. That idea made the Marines band more closely together. It was all for one, and one for all. They developed a pugnacious esprit de corps. After that if you picked on one Marine, you got the whole 9,000 of them sore at you.

I know that at Monday night's meeting, when we all sat there with our chests out, telling how good the Marines are, I arose to say that the records of the sheriff's office showed that the first man ever hung in Erie county was a Marine. He had served as a Marine with Perry's fleet. But on motion of somebody or other, and seconded by all present, my remarks were stricken from the minutes. That's why I'm making my collection for a Cushing's Manual for the Marine Corps League.

MARINE CORPS NEWS

AEROLOGY AND AVIATION FIRST AVIATION GROUP QUANTICO, VA.

In accordance with naval regulations, aerological offices are maintained and operated in connection with all naval and Marine Corps air stations and vessels carrying aircraft. Since this is a branch of science comparatively new, from the practical standpoint of the military service, its workings and development are little known outside of its own immediate sphere; so an explanation of this work and its relative importance to aviation would appear to be warranted, and an effort will be made to clarify certain points which heretofore may have been misunderstood. The information here outlined is gathered from data obtained through the aerological office at Brown Field, Quantico, Va., it being one of the many such laboratories located throughout the services. The methods employed by these various stations are almost identical in nature, and all forecasts are the resultant findings of observations based on scientific laws; hence, the element of speculation is reduced to a minimum.

Aviation is, of course, chiefly concerned with the conditions of the upper air—that is, winds and velocities at different levels. It is also interested in weather conditions at other fields and intermediate points along the main routes followed, so that when cross-country flights are contemplated, they may be attempted under favorable weather conditions and at such levels where the winds will be an aid, rather than a hindrance, to flight. To obtain such data, soundings are taken regularly at stated intervals, determining the wind directions and velocities at all levels up to the maximum height the balloon can be followed. For this purpose small, thin, rubber "balloons d'essai" are used. These miniature free balloons are inflated with hydrogen, and, after being released, ascend at an approximate rate of 600 feet per minute. The theodolite, an instrument used for ascertaining distances and heights, is employed in following these test balloons until lost to sight in fog or cloud, or until a height is reached which fulfills all practical requirements. Reports of these observations are immediately published on the bulletin boards of the squadrons at the field, and from them the pilot may readily determine the most suitable level at which to make his flight, or the parachute jumper is enabled to accurately estimate the proper allowance to be made for "drift" following a jump from a plane or balloon.

Reports of wind direction and velocity, barometric pressure and tendency, temperature, humidity, visibility, amount and kinds of clouds, condition of the sea and landing field, general state of weather and upper air conditions are sent by radio twice daily to the Bureau of Aeronautics, Washington, D. C. In co-operation with the Army Air Service, reports are broadcast by radio from Bolling Field, Anacostia, D. C., at 8.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M. daily, stating the existing conditions at other fields. On receipt of the summary of conditions at other fields, reports are instantly published on bulletin boards

erected for that purpose; thus, the weather conditions and other relevant data affecting the home field, objective fields and points en route are available in less than one hour from the time readings are taken at the numerous stations.

To illustrate the importance of these aerological findings, let us suppose that a flight from Brown Field, Quantico, Va., to Mitchel Field, Long Island, is scheduled to start at 9 A. M. At 8.45 A. M. the reports of existing conditions at Mitchel Field and intermediate points along the airway have been received via radio; weather conditions, whether fair, cloudy or stormy, and wind directions and velocities at different altitudes are noted. It may be found that the wind at 3,000 feet is northwesterly, and yet at 6,000 feet it is a south or southwesterly current. Obviously the pilot will gain the 6,000-foot level for his flight, since the wind at that altitude will materially aid him as a "pusher" and head resistance is obviated. Furthermore, from his previously supplied information, he knows when and where he may expect to encounter unfavorable weather and what altitude will be most satisfactory in evading these inclemencies.

From the stations located even in the remotest corners of the United States and maintained by the U. S. Weather Bureau, weather reports are received in Washington twice daily, and through the Government radio station at Arlington, Va., are rebroadcasted over the entire United States and parts of Canada. This data is available at the widely scattered flying fields in a remarkably short period of time from the moment the readings are actually taken, and a map is then drawn, showing the existing conditions over the entire country. The approxi-

mate trend of the weather may be accurately forecasted for twenty-four, or even thirty-six hours in advance. A reliable forecaster must be, however, a thoroughly trained aerologist, and all forecasts made by the newer man in this department are under the careful supervision of experienced men.

The personnel, trained and regularly detailed, for this work at this field, is as follows: Corp. James G. Hill, Corp. Charles M. Tredennick, P. F. C. Alfred M. Vosburg and P. F. C. Donald St. C. Post, all of whom are under the personal supervision of First Lieut. Jacob F. Plachta, the aerological officer for the First Aviation Group. At times, when the needs of the Corps demand, men selected for their adaptability are sent to an aerological school for a thorough course of training, that our flying stations may be always supplied with capable aerologists, for weather forecasting has ceased to be "idle guesswork" and has developed into a science indispensable to the maintenance of the air services, and which has been greatly responsible for the decided decrease in the loss of planes and the lives of flyers.

NEW ORLEANS

A detail of Marines were sent to town to act as color guard for the Realtors' Convention at Jackson Square, January 21, 1926. The station ball team has been organized and Private James C. Pence elected captain. Although we have lost some of our players through discharge, we have strengthened up our batteries with the transfer of Sergt. LeRoy Wright, pitcher, and Corp. Kuykendahl, catcher, of Parris Island fame. The team has been entered in the Commercial League of this city, and from the way they performed last year, it is predicted that we will carry the "bacon" back to the station at the end of the season. Practice games are now being booked with all the leading semi-professional teams in the vicinity of New Orleans.

Dance? Whew!

We had a dance on the 4th, and another booked for the 11th on the steamer Capital, which sails up and down the river while the Peacock Orchestra does its strummin' and blowin'. Which reminds me that Private Joseph LeBlanc entered a Charleston contest and won first prize one evening at one of the local theatres. Private Dan Borbas will leave us soon for the U. S. S. *Outside*. In the years that Dan has been with us he has taken up a course in the M. C. I., namely, electrical engineering. It sure has been a hard grade to pull, but Dan is near finished now, and has been promised a position with a local concern. Lieut. Verne J. McCaul has joined the happy family from the Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, Pa. In addition to his other duties, he is the business manager of the station ball team. Some time during Mardi Gras Week (this is the best time of all) we will have another dance on the station in No. 10 Building. Sure wish you were all here to enjoy it with us. "Lou Wylie" and her handsome man (Sergeant Roberts) will be there, and her "Gang," including the Blonde Stenog, will also be there.



Aerology Office and Tower
Brown Field, Quantico.

"JIM" FALLON TENDERED A FAREWELL BANQUET

On January 31, 1926, Q. M. Sergt. James Fallon was transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, after twenty years service in the Marine Corps. His picturesque career was reviewed by a goodly assemblage of his old shipmates and well-wishers at a farewell banquet tendered him at the Staff Non-Commissioned Officers' Club in Quantico, Va., on the evening of January 28th.

At this parting send-off, old-time friends paid glowing tribute to Fallon's sterling qualities as a Marine and as a man, and many humorous and interesting incidents and sidelights in his long service were brought to light for the first time.

Even the elite of Quantico's canine family were present to pay respects to a parting friend and to "Bozo," Fallon's bow-legged bulldog. Sergeant Major "Jiggs," the famous Marine mascot, and "Major," Sergeant Major Proctor's sandy airedale, barked "adios" and their tails wagged "God speed."

"Jim" Fallon is probably one of the most widely known men in the service today. He first "shipped" in the Marine Corps in May, 1905, having previously served in the U. S. Army during the Spanish-American War.

Fallon participated in every east coast expedition and campaign in which Marines were engaged since his enlistment, having seen service in Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Cuba, Haiti and Santo Domingo. Fallon's sea duty includes service on the U. S. S. *West Virginia*, U. S. S. *Missouri*, U. S. S. *North Dakota* and the U. S. S. *New York*.

Fallon was a member of the first expedition of Marines which went to France in June, 1917, and saw active service at Belleau Wood, where he covered himself with glory, was wounded and sent to the hospital.

The consensus of opinion at the farewell gathering held in Fallon's honor was that he was *some* Marine—always ready for a fight or a frolic—a two-fisted, up-standing fellow, and absolutely a straight shooter. Sergeant Major Kloth read a brief summary of Fallon's long service, which set forth the fact that he was a corporal during the Spanish-American War, was cited for extraordinary heroism in action during the World War, and holds many coveted campaign medals. Sergeant Major Barde drew attention to the fact that Fallon has a career to be envied, and Sergeant Major Lang pointed out the example which such a career sets to us all.

Lieutenant George A. Plambeck told of several interesting and bizarre exploits in which Fallon had played a part on various expeditions; Quartermaster Sergeant Czapp brought to notice some sea-going experiences in which "Jim" was involved, and Sergeant Major Moter told of Fallon's redeeming qualities as a mess sergeant.

Quartermaster Sergeants Butts and Rath unravelled some humorous stories about Fallon's singing ability; Quartermaster Sergeant McGraw exposed some anti-prohibition activities; Sergeants Major McCormick and Lecuyer advised

"Jim" to get married and settle down, and Quartermaster Sergeant Weibel presented Fallon with a can of salmon as a reminder of service in tropical climes. Many other old and new friends wished "Jim" well in his deserved transfer to the Reserve.

Following the many talks made by Marines "from the inside looking out," "Patty" Costello, now a member of the Reserve, talked "from the outside looking in." His remarks proved especially interesting.

The Tenth regiment Jazzbo Jazzarines, under the direction of Lawrence Billelo, livened up the evening with the kind of music that made the Charleston famous.

The toastmaster, Sergeant Major Proctor, presented Fallon with a handsome Hamilton watch and chain as a token of esteem from his comrades.

In a few well-chosen words, Fallon expressed his appreciation of the spirit of comradeship which had always been shown him, and commented briefly on some of the accusations made against him earlier in the evening. His talk teemed with that Irish wit which has made Fallon famous. This was followed by mass singing of "Dear Old Pal," and three rousing cheers for the guest of honor. "The Marines' Hymn" brought to a close twenty years of honest and faithful service for Q. M. Sergt. James Fallon, U. S. M. C.

Fallon has secured employment in New York City and will make his home at No. 1 Parkside Place, Keansburg, N. J.

OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

First Sergt. George A. Harter has been detached to the Gendarmerie d'Haiti. It is the loss of the Marine Corps Institute and the gain of the Gendarmerie.

Harter has been the chief clerk of the Marine Corps Institute for several years. He has been with the institute since it was founded.

Nobody knew anything about the Marine Corps Institute at that time. Because of the correspondence character of its studies, few had faith in its future. Harter had the faith, and still has it. He jokes about correspondence study just as others do, but he has studied methods of instruction and applied them to the institute which have meant much in its success.

Harter was the right hand of the directors of the institute. The many problems facing the officers of the institute when it was in its infancy were not easy to solve. Capable men were absolutely necessary. Experiments were necessary. The knowledge, patience and perseverance required of Harter was enough to grind to pieces any ordinary man.

The institute has been made to operate on a system. Its divisions function systematically. Enormous volume of work is done. There is confidence in the method of study, in the quality of instruction, and in the personnel. There is faith. Much of the credit is due to First Sergt. George A. Harter. THE LEATHERNECK wishes him well as he goes to Haiti to serve in the Gendarmerie.

NEW YORK BARRACKS

On Friday night, January 15, 1926, the Brooklyn Marines assisted the Robert L. Meade Detachment of the Marine Corps League in putting over one of the finest banquets and dances held at these barracks, in honor of the delivery of the charter to the Robt. L. Meade Detachment by Maj.-Gen. John A. Lejeune, National Commandant of the Marine Corps League.

The complete program was broadcast over WNYC, the Municipal Broadcasting Station of New York. The persons responsible for the wonderful way the program was arranged and run off are again Sergeant-Major Thorp (you can't keep a good man down), assisted by Quartermaster Sergeant Williams and our post exchange Steward Ferguson, who handled all the expenditures of the affair.

Recently the Marines at this post, with the assistance of Mr. Robbins, of the Navy Y. M. C. A., interested themselves in volleyball, and so far they have yet to be beaten.

Second Lieut. Milo R. Carroll recently joined this post, and has been put in charge of athletics. Lieutenant Carroll has taken the place of Second Lieutenant Stuart, who was detached to aviation duty at Quantico. Second Lieutenant Blanchard has also been detached. He has gone to Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Lieut. Theodore Blanchard, U. S. M. C. R., recently visited the post. Lieutenant Blanchard had performed duty here last summer, and since then it seems that you can't keep him away from our barracks. Lieutenant Blanchard is now at Harvard University.

Quartermaster Sergt. Thomas L. Gariety joined this post from Quantico, Va., and since then he has been transferred to the Reserves after twenty years of honorable service in the Marine Corps.

Our First Sergt. Joseph J. Franklin astonished all by putting in for a fifteen-day leave not so long ago. We wondered why then, but now we know, for he has an addition to his family—a dashing young son who arrived on January 5, 1926. Congratulations, Top.

FORT MIFFLIN NOTICE

A dance was given at this post on Saturday, January 23, 1926, by Mrs. Caroline Moore, who does much for service men in and about Philadelphia and who contributes a part of her time especially in benefiting members of this post. She has helped in the past with making up programs for dances and similar entertainments.

An orchestra from aboard the U. S. S. *Arkansas* played some lively music to the gratification and enjoyment of the whole command. The above was presented by courtesy of our hostess, and she obtained the band through her own efforts and defrayed their slight expenses.

A lady guest of the party rendered us a whistling selection which very few men could duplicate. She later sang several classical songs.

The radio, piano and the victrola seem to be the cold night features, and we hope our progress in the art terpsichore will be swift so that we may be able to strut our stuff in the near future.

CLERICAL SCHOOL NOTES

The Clerical School was established four or five years ago for the purpose of turning out capable and efficient office workers for the Marine Corps. Since its inception it has trained many men for the duties of stenographers and clerks, some good, some bad and some indifferent, according to the energy with which they devoted themselves to their studies. A man gets only that in return which he puts into a thing.

Many men come to the school expecting a life of ease for the duration of the school term. They are, however, quickly disillusioned, and must buckle down to work, and hard work. A bluff, even a good bluff, will not get them through.

The average man coming to the school is serious in his efforts to better himself for the double purpose of advancement in the service and preparing himself for civil life. It is for men of this type that the school was established. Those men who were willing to give all of themselves to this work have since realized its value. We mentioned several of them in the January 25th issue of the LEATHERNECK.

February 5th saw the termination of the last class, organized at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. On that day the school was transferred to its new home at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Among the outstanding men of the class just graduated were: Private First Class Roy Benningfield, who maintained his position at the head of the class for almost the entire term; Private Samuel A. Weller, together with Privates First Class William Thimsen, Arthur Cutchin, Privates John O. Young, Charles Fedri and Corporal Neal G. Moore, strove with might and main to dislodge him from that position. Incidentally they caused him several uneasy moments by their attempts. Privates First Class Joseph B. Roos, Frank G. O'Neill, Norman Hoover, Privates Johnnie C. Faglie, William Broden, Joseph Hanks, R. F. Bowers, Ira Ball, Willie L. Clay, Thomas Schier and the renowned "gold-brick quartet," consisting of Karl G. McCormick, William Hobday, Odle Porter and Fred Start, all did their share to keep the ball rolling.

And last of all we have our chief instructor and able grammarian, Sergt. Alfred E. French, who has contributed much to the success of the school. He has plans under consideration, which, when carried into effect, will materially raise the standard of work of our first class at Philadelphia.

CLERICAL SCHOOL CLASS
PROPHECY

Leakesville, Miss.,
January 29, 1939.

MR. JOHN O. YOUNG,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Dear Friend:

I have just arrived from Washington, D. C., where I represented Mississippi as a senator. It afforded me much pleasure to cast my eyes upon the beautiful scenery around the White House and Capitol, where we once passed away several Sabbath afternoons while in the U. S. Marine Corps snapping pictures.

I noticed recently in a newspaper (The Washington Picayune) that you are succeeding partially in your quest for traces

of the species of the prehistoric dinosaur. I trust that you will meet with every success in your endeavor to help science.

While in Washington I ran across Norman Hoover, who is at present serving as prohibition agent in that city, and he gave me a great deal of information as to the whereabouts and occupations of our old Clerical School classmates and instructors. They have scattered to all four corners of this old sphere, many are still in military service, and, by the way, they have nearly all made excellent progress.

Michael Bloom, after teaching another term of school, was appointed to the Candidates for Commission Class. He made the grade, and is now holding the rank of captain. He is stationed at Guam and is post adjutant. The sergeant of the guard there is who we once knew as Corporal Moore. In spite of the fact that Mr. Hobday affirmed that he was through with the service, he is now a lieutenant in charge of a cavalry unit of the Army. Porter is a chaplain in Port au Prince, Haiti, while O'Neill is an able-bodied sergeant-major of the same command. Faglie remains a machine gun lieutenant of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti. I guess you've been reading all the portails of Lieutenant Hanks' aerial maneuvers. He recently broke the world's altitude record by going 52,855 feet high. It appears that First Sergeant Brogien will be a thirty-year man. He is doing faithful service at the air base, Pensacola, Fla. I learned that Roy Benningfield remained in Washington and has advanced to the rank of gunnery sergeant in the Industrial School.

After the expiration of his enlistment in the Marine Corps, Sergt. Alfred E. French attended the foreign service department of Georgetown University, and is at present a member of the American Legation in Peking, China. He has as his private secretary Charles E. Fadri. Arthur Cutchin made a start in civil service as a railway mail clerk, and made rapid progress, as he is now a postal inspector.

On my way back to Mississippi I stopped over in Atlanta, Ga., to get a check cashed, and found that Olean E. Brown was cashier of the bank. He informed me that Mr. Rubin would be through there in a few days with an animal show, and had for his snake charmer Mr. Clay. I was up in New York a short time ago, and wanting some place of amusement, went into a picture gallery and found the owner to be Mr. Roos. Upon returning from there I met an officer of the Navy, and, glancing up, I recognized him as Dr. Thimsen.

Mr. Ford's son recently purchased a tract of Florida land through Samuel A. Weller, of the Partridge & Schier Real Estate Agency. I suppose you know that McCormack is one of the world's best heavyweights of today. His manager, Frederick W. Start, is largely responsible for his advances in the fistic realm of today.

Market street of Baltimore, Md., is controlled by our old friend Bowers.

I am quite sure that you are glad to learn where all our old classmates and instructors are.

Please let me hear from you and of your progress soon.

The HON. THOMAS I. BALL.

EX-SECRETARY OF NAVY
LIEUT.-COLONEL OF MARINES

Major Edwin Denby, former Secretary of the Navy and a veteran of service in the Navy and Marine Corps, has been promoted to lieutenant-colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve.

Major Denby has taken an active interest in military affairs since he served as a gunner's mate on the U. S. S. *Yosemite*, which was actively engaged in Cuban waters during the Spanish-American War.

He served a term in the Michigan Legislature, and later represented that State in Congress for three terms. He returned to Detroit, and for a while divided his interests between the practice of law and the automobile industry.

In April, 1917, shortly after this country entered the World War, he joined the Marine Corps as a private, winning promotion grade by grade, to the rank of major. He resigned from the Marine Corps in 1919, and resumed his old activities in Detroit.

In February, 1921, he was selected as Secretary of the Navy by President Harding, and held that post until he resigned in 1924. Major Denby continued his interest in military affairs by accepting an appointment in the Marine Corps Reserve, and is one of the first to be advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

OUR EXCHANGE

Post Exchange,
Quantico, Va.

Perhaps to a great many readers this item will seem very funny, but it is the first item about a post exchange that has been in our magazine.

The Post Exchange, Quantico, Va., is the largest in the Marine Corps, sporting everything from a soda fountain to shoe strings. Two motor trucks are kept busy throughout the day with freight, milk, etc. Clerks are on duty at all times, and it is run on a department-store order—Departments A-B-C-D and fountain.

We are very proud to have Major Van Hoose as canteen or exchange officer, for seldom anything gets past his eye.

All in all, we have a good exchange, and we hope to keep it the way it is running now.

WHERE IS?—

Mr. E. A. Willford, of Muskogee, Okla., would like to hear from Sergt. Edward G. Matson and Corp. James E. Wilhoite. Willford asks that these two men communicate with him at Marland Refining Co., Box 359, Muskogee, Okla.

W. C. (Red) Harris, of the Second Regiment Band, at Port au Prince, Haiti, begs that Metz H. Kines write to him. He wants to know where Branch is, and if any of your old gang shipped over.

A. & I. CHARITY BALL BRILLIANT EVENT

Ranking Celebrities Present At First Annual Ball Of The Adjutant And Inspector's Department

Sponsored A. & I. Ball

One of the most brilliant events of the season was the first annual ball given by the civilian and enlisted personnel of the Adjutant and Inspector's Department, United States Marine Corps, Wednesday evening, January 27, at the Raleigh Hotel. Brig.-Gen. Rufus H. Lane and Mrs. Lane headed the receiving line, assisted by Quartermaster Clerk Robert M. O'Toole, Mrs. Kinnear, Miss Van Wagner, Quartermaster Clerk Burns D. Goodwin and Mrs. Blakeney.

Maj.-Gen. John A. Lejeune, commandant of the Marine Corps, was present, also Lieut.-Col. E. R. Beadle, Maj. E. A. Osterman and Maj. M. R. Thacher, now on duty at Marine Corps headquarters; Lieut.-Col. Charles T. Westcott, from Quantico, and a large gathering of the personnel from the Marine Corps and other branches of the Navy Department. The ball was strongly supported by delegations from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard Barracks, and also Quantico, most of the men wearing the undress blue uniform. Brigadier-General Lane called General Lejeune's attention to their appearance, and the broad smile of our commandant showed that he was very well pleased. General Lane said that our blue uniform could not be beaten for dress occasions when worn properly. Boernstein's La Java Orchestra furnished splendid music, and in addition to the special dancing numbers furnished by Miss Treta Schafer and Eddie Becker, several added Charleston entertainers contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, including Jackie Aman, Virginia Phillips, Carman Quantille, Phil Thurston, Oscar Snow and Bob Fox.

This ball was of a relief nature, the net proceeds being used to provide flowers, fruit or other comforts to the sick. The affair was so successful that it will undoubtedly be the forerunner of other similar delightful functions.

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE AFFAIR

Mrs. Lane was a charming member of the receiving line. She won her way into the hearts of the entire personnel of the department.

Colonel Westcott was present for the purpose of dancing. He was here, there and everywhere.

Major Thacher was the real heart-breaker of the ball; but he did not do the Charleston.

Bob O'Toole and Burns Goodwin, president and vice-president, respectively, could not be mistaken; they hid most gracefully behind resplendent badges adorned with monster rosettes, proclaiming their importance (*some dress cap*).

One-eyed Connolly and other gate-crashers were pointedly missing; a single look at Pat Mulhern, Les Leer and Archie Moore—noted strong men—nuff sed.



BRIG.-GEN. RUFUS H. LANE

Who said Vi Van Wagner couldn't dance?

Colonel Beadle kept step for a long while, but finally took time out to rest his weary dogs.

Headquarters' telephone lines were busy the next day—everybody wanted to get the phone number of the girl in gray who did the Charleston.

Did you see our old friend Jack Watkins? He is now quartermaster clerking at Quantico.

You would never have thought Mr. Snell was a chief clerk. (Pemberton dancers please take note.)

When the receiving line broke up, General and Mrs. Lane did not occupy boxes long; the lure of the dance floor was too strong. Mrs. Lane is a graceful dancer, and the General seemed keen for the Paul Jones.

Kitty Kinnear and Jane Blakeney were always in demand. Too bad the dance didn't last about four hours more.

The busiest man at the ball was Doc Miller, in charge of entertainment, and he was there with bells on.

Evidently Miss Pepper got a new tire for the front wheel of her car, as she and the car were both present.

John MacDonald was there with the early worms, and hasn't forgotten how.

Lillian O'Malley and Eddie Smith batted them out for the MGC's office.

Every time Bud Fisher stopped to talk to the ticket-takers, traffic temporarily tentatively trod till the tractor tripped.

After the first Paul Jones was ended, Freddie Moore and his floor committee, which included Chris Bartley, Dad Dodson, Bill Keller, George Benson, Margaret McGoldrick and Margaret Clinton, were out of a job—everybody knew everybody.

I wonder if Al Hastings has paid for the punch yet?

It was evident that Charles Brown's family was not aware of the fact that he was a stepper. There's life in the old boy yet.

Wonder how long Shaughnessy waited for a Kensington car after taking our old friend Ethel Lovely to Georgetown?

"Radio" Giles could not make the party, but he helped to get it under way.

"TA" Nubson was in the midst of every dance throughout the evening. We doubt if he missed any of the girls from the department.

Leave slips were the fashion Thursday morning. Edna Roche and Fay Abromovitz needed a supply. It's hard to get up in the morning.

We have been asked to name the best dancer at the ball from the department. "Silence is golden."

Some steppers from the barracks and the Navy Yard! We didn't know the M. C. I. had such an excellent course.

It's a good thing the roads were dry, or Doc Lancaster's presence would have been noticeable by his absence.

After watching Major Thacher for a while, Major Osterman could not resist the combination—good music, good floor and pretty girls.

Edith Brown should have felt repaid for her hard work—ticket-takers were busy.

Margaret McGoldrick refused to leave with her escort. Why? Because she wanted to be in at the finish.

Bill Keller is as clever as he used to be on his feet. He always smiles when the orchestra starts up a waltz.

Navy Alley sent its representative—Red Ledoux.

Among the old-timers were our friends Percy Sharpe and Adolph Graef.

We missed our official undertaker. Hope this finds Bill Ramberg's family better. However, the Headquarters' Mortician Establishment was well cared for by Winsome Winnie Winkle Brannon.

Sorry our old friend Horace Heaton wasn't present, but will expect you next time.

Wes. Thomas deserted the Navy Directory long enough to keep the punch flowing.

Wayne Simpson was there and wearing his Sixteenth Street manners.

Hope you got your copy of the Souvenir Program. If not, it's too late now.

We thank you all for your generous support in our first effort, and hope to see you when we again step out.

FINIS

VETERANS OF BELLEAU WOOD U. S. MARINE BRIGADE

At the January meeting of the Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade, officers for the fiscal year of 1926 were elected in a well-attended meeting.

The trustees' report for the year of 1925 showed a marked improvement, with an increase of 14% in membership, all social affairs being money-making projects and a budget marking an increase of 232% in the General Fund and an increase of 640% in the Welfare Fund.

The officers elected were: Webster deS. Smith, commandant, formerly of the 80th Co.; Robert E. Goldstein, vice-commandant, of the 95th Co.; Henry Autler, quartermaster, of the 77th Co., and Edward J. Buehler, trustee, of the 45th Co. The commandant appointed S. S. Supon, of the 73rd Co., adjutant; C. W. Berry, of the 67th Co., membership officer; Dr. G. H. Sadler, of the 45th Co., welfare officer; J. J. O'Neill, of the 18th Co., provost marshal and Dr. John H. Clifford, chaplain. At the next regular meeting in February the officers will be installed.

At the recent testimonial dinner given to Hon. Hanford MacNider, assistant Secretary of War, at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, 42 members of the Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade, were present, and all appraised the event as an enjoyable affair and an occasion long to be remembered.

U. S. MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The Marine Examining Board, considering the cases of officers of the Marine Corps Reserve for promotion, has rendered its report. The Board recommended for promotion to the next higher grades: Three majors to lieutenant-colonel, six captains to major, fourteen first lieutenants to captain, and thirty-five second lieutenants for promotion to first lieutenants.

The Board recommended a scheme of promotion for the Reserve which it is

believed will be considered satisfactory and will give the officers of this branch of the Marine Corps something to look forward to in the way of promotion. This system will be known as the "Seniority-selection Scheme." A few of the details of this system appear appropriate, and an example of the working of this system is hereby given: The Board, knowing the number of officers to be promoted, first considers the case of the senior candidate in the grade. If, after due deliberation, the Board finds the senior candidate not qualified for promotion, due to lack of experience, training, interest, or deficiency in any other respect, it will pass on to the next senior candidate, who, if found eligible and fully qualified, will be recommended for promotion. The Board will continue this procedure, going down the list strictly according to seniority, selecting the best and thus providing for the Reserve a system of promotion based strictly on merit.

A correspondence course has been approved for the Marine Corps. It will be open to members of the Reserve. This course will permit officers of the Reserve to prepare themselves for promotion. Successfully completing certain features of the course exempts them from examination for promotion on these particular subjects. In the near future information governing this correspondence course will be published to the service.

Letters are going out at the rate of forty a day to officers on the active, retired and reserve lists, requesting that they recommend desirable men for commission in the Reserve. It is particularly important that the right type of men be recommended, and that their selection be based on quality instead of quantity.

William G. Fay, formerly a lieutenant-colonel of the Marine Corps, who resigned a few years ago after 19 years service, has been examined for appointment as a reserve officer. George K. Shuler, formerly a major of the Marine Corps, has recently been appointed a major in the Marine Corps Reserve.

The present Marine Examining Board handling the case of candidates for appointment in the Reserve consists of: Lieut.-Col. James J. Meade, Majors Edward W. Sturdevant, D. M. Randall, J. C. Fegan, members, and Capt. J. J. Staley, recorder.

The Board is in almost daily session considering cases of candidates for commission in the Marine Corps Reserve.

SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A SOLDIER

The soldier's paymaster never fails in business, or fails to pay the wages of his employees.

The "factory" does not shut down and lay off its employees when times are dull.

He never has to quit work and go "on strike."

He doesn't lose any time because of bad weather or sickness—the pay goes on just the same.

If he wants to see the world, he will, sooner or later, have the opportunity—on full pay and with travel expenses paid by Uncle Sam.

If he wants to return to civil life at the end of an enlistment, he may prepare for it by learning a trade, without loss of time or pay. With this and the discharge that testifies to good character and faithful service, his earning ability to get a job will be greatly increased.

He may also expect to return a much stronger and more capable man, physically and mentally.

If he desires to remain in the Service, there is room at the top for the capable and ambitious; the Service offers exceptional facilities for advancement.

AN APPRECIATION

(Acknowledgments to K. C. B.)

FOR SEVERAL years

IT HAS BEEN MY wont.

AS THE poets say.

TO RISE each morn.

AND USE my razor.

TO REMOVE the growth.

OF HIRSUTE adornment.

FROM CHEEK and jowl.

WITH SUNDRY scrapings.

AND MUCH laceration.

OF TENDER cuticle.

WITH THE SAME razor.

I'VE SCRAPED off lather.

MINGLED with dust.

OF THE SULTRY Philippines.

THE SANDS of Mexico.

THE MUD OF Culebra.

THE FOGS of Frisco.

AND SOFT COAL of Philly.

NOW MY kind friends.

OF THE Leatherneck Staff.

HAVE GIVEN to me.

A WONDERFUL razor.

OF A MODERN type.

AND SO I'LL learn.

THE SAFE and sane.

PROCESS OF SHAVING.

WITH TONSORIAL skill.

WHILE THE old razor.

GOES INTO the Reserve.

WITH 16 YEARS' service.

INDEED I AM grateful.

FOR THIS splendid gift.

AND SEND my thanks.

TO THE GENEROUS donors.

WHO HAVE started me.

TOWARD A better way.

OF MAKING my face.

SAFE FOR Inspection.

ALTHOUGH the old.

RUSTY RAZOR has removed

ENOUGH WHISKERS to stuff.

A SERGEANT major's mattress.

I'M CONFIDENT the new.

DEPILATORY mechanism.

(PARDON the highbrow).

WILL BEAT that record.

EVEN IF it wins.

ONLY BY a hair.

I Thank You.

HASH MARK.

THE GAZETTE

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE,
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

COL. W. C. HARLEE
LT. COL. WM. C. SMALL
MAJ. HARRY K. PICKETT
CAPT. HENRY S. HAUBMANN
1ST LT. WM. N. MCKELVY, JR.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

COL. RICHARD S. HOOKER
LT. COL. ROBERT B. FARQUHARSON
MAJ. MAURICE S. BERRY
CAPT. ALBERT B. SAGE
1ST LT. JAMES M. SMITH

RECENT ORDERS

JANUARY 14, 1926

Capt. C. A. E. King, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
Capt. F. D. Greener, detached MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.
2nd Lieut. E. E. Linsert, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.
Mar. Gnr. W. A. Buckley, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

JANUARY 15, 1926

No orders were announced.

JANUARY 16, 1926

No orders were announced.

JANUARY 18, 1926

Q.M. Clk. R. M. O'Toole, appointed a Quartermaster Clerk and assigned to duty at Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

JANUARY 19, 1926

No orders were announced.

JANUARY 20, 1926

Capt. E. E. Eller, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.
Capt. G. L. Gloeckner, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
Pay Clk. C. W. Eaton, detached MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.
Pay Clk. H. J. Gerhard, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I.

JANUARY 21, 1926

Brig. Gen. S. D. Butler, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to duty as CG, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
2nd Lieut. R. C. Pate, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington.

JANUARY 22, 1926

No orders were announced.

JANUARY 23, 1926

Col. F. M. Wise, retired as of January 19, 1926.
Lieut. Col. E. A. Greene, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.
2nd Lieut. J. M. McHugh, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to MB, Quantico, Virginia.
Pay Clk. G. W. Stahl, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to Department of the Pacific.

JANUARY 25, 1926

2nd Lieut. T. B. White, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
2nd Lieut. C. J. Chappell, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
2nd Lieut. L. R. Kline, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
2nd Lieut. C. L. Marshall, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
2nd Lieut. J. B. McHugh, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., for aviation instruction.
Q.M. Clk. J. F. Dickey, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

JANUARY 26, 1926

No orders were announced.

JANUARY 27, 1926

Major R. H. Tebbis, detached Rectg. District of New York, N. Y., to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.
Capt. L. F. S. Horan, detached Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
Capt. W. Elmore, detached Rectg. District of Charlotte, Charlotte, N. C., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
1st Lieut. M. Shively, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
2nd Lieut. C. J. Eldridge, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
Capt. E. G. Wolfe, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
1st Lieut. I. W. Miller, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.
2nd Lieut. J. E. Curry, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lieut. H. T. Nicholas, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS Denver.

1st Lieut. T. H. Cartwright, detached MD, USS Denver, to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

1st Lieut. R. Skinner, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

1st Lieut. V. M. Guymon, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lieut. J. C. Harmon, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lieut. J. R. Jones, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lieut. P. A. Shieber, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lieut. W. J. Stuart, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lieut. L. B. Puller, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lieut. E. T. Thomas, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lieut. P. E. Conradt, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Q.M. Clk. J. Strong, upon reporting of relief, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

RESERVE

1st Lieut. T. N. Raymond, MCR, on February 1st, assigned to active duty for training at the MB, NS, New Orleans, La., and on February 15th, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lieut. W. B. W. Stroup, MCR, on January 23rd, assigned to active duty for training at MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., and on February 6th, relieved from active duty.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
RESERVE

20 January, 1926.

Major General John A. Lejeune, commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, forwarded commissions in the Marine Corps Reserve this date to the following officers:

FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE:

1st Lieut. Roger E. Kirchhoff,
182 East 72nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

2nd Lieut. George C. Porter,
P. O. Box No. 171,
Lisbon, Ohio.

2nd Lieut. Henry T. Walker,
c/o General Outdoor Advertising Co.,
Bates St. and McKee Place,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

2nd Lieut. Wilson B. McCandless,
73 N. Monroe St.,
Hinsdale, Ill.

VOLUNTEER MARINE CORPS RESERVE:

Capt. Philip DeRonde,
Oriental Navigation Co.,
17 Battery Place,
New York, N. Y.

Capt. Rodow E. Abeken,
5319 S. Broadway,
St. Louis, Mo.

1st Lieut. Charles F. Crisp,
205 Taylor St.,
Americus, Ga.

20 January, 1926.

The following named officers of the Marine Corps Reserve have been recommended for promotion to the grades indicated:

TO BE LIEUTENANT COLONELS

Majors E. L. Bigler, John J. Dooley and Edwin Denby.

TO BE MAJORS

Captains James F. Rorke, Ralph L. Schiesswohl, William R. Mathews, Louis F. Timmerman, Jr., David Duncan and Russell W. Duck.

TO BE CAPTAINS

1st Lieuts. George M. Goodman, Frank M. Cross, Guy Lewis, John H. Layne, Morris C. Richardson, Frank C. Myers, Harry G. Fortune, Aubrey O. Loughmiller, John Ayrault, Jr., Edward F. Simmonds, Frank A. Mallen, Lloyd A. Houehlin, Leslie R. Smith and John J. Flynn.

TO BE FIRST LIEUTENANTS

2nd Lieuts. Chester J. Peters, Earl F. Ward, Howard B. Malmar, Wallace D. Culbertson, Benjamin Reisweber, Lewis B. Stuart, William R. Sheets, Raymond W. Conroy, Clifton G. Travers, John C. Machamer, Windsor B. Stroup, F. C. Comstock, William V. Calhoun, Edward T. Van Deusen, Carl A. Jansen, Harry B. Wehrenberg, Delmar Leighton, Frederic W. Hopkins, Byron B. Freeland, Joseph J. Svoboda, Karl B. Spencer, Edward F. Doyle, Raymond W. Hanson, John D. Marine, Leon F. Driscoll, Ira F. Gilliken, Herbert

A. Hedges, Harold Titus, John J. Flynn, Henry C. Bock, Garston W. Driver, Lee Fox, Robert M. Mount, Livingston B. Stedman, Jr., Roland E. Simpson and Victor W. Worledge.

RESERVES' CLASS 3 ASSIGNMENTS

SERGEANTS—Louie R. Davis, Eugene J. Ruiz, John P. Casperonis, John R. Dupre, Henry E. Gunther, Hazen E. McDonald, Jesse L. White, and Chester M. Buggie.

CORPORALS—Guy Bennett, James P. Hagan, Joseph F. Quigley, Lynn E. Sanderson, William A. Abbott, Arthur P. Cox, Clifford C. Greathouse, Charles B. Hawk, Andrew M. King, Hal A. Lisector, Raymond C. Lively, Jacob M. Lorentz, John James Miller, Wallace Sabin, Olin Scofield, Virgil D. Storey, Harold J. Wettig, Fred C. DuMont, Joseph Medoe and William P. Weightman.

PRIVATES, FIRST CLASS—Edward R. Benjamin, Victor Goller, Charles D. Huntley, Marion R. Jensen, Edward A. Bearden, Lloyd L. Corp, Walter P. Dorsey, Joseph Emmett, Morley D. Fox, Walter F. Galusha, James E. Gant, James F. Goldsworthy, Angelo Guarascio, Sam Horowitz, Martin N. Ivine, Ralph G. Kain, James N. Kazar, Edward W. King, Manuel J. Larance, Raymond M. Law, Carl H. Lingelbach, Herbert F. Maguire, Robert Moore, Edward A. Noyer, Floyd Pressley, Dock Pyle, Frank H. Robinson, James H. Rowland, Donald Alexander Smith, John Soltis, Milton E. Allen, Fingal Brown, Chester C. Ferguson, William F. Johnson, Wilbur M. Lacy, Laurie P. Mallard, Henry Martin, John A. Rawski and Edward A. Alexander.

PRIVATES—Wilbur W. Daniel, William M. Eger, George William Miller, James C. Sims, Oscar R. Snyder, Willie J. Adams, Glen R. Amick, Frank C. Balser, Herbert A. Bowd, Floyd S. Cave, Harold Connors, John H. Ethington, C. Fallaw, Stephen Falvo, Charles S. Greer, Charles W. Grosse, Zack T. Handley, Virgil A. Hickie, Russel J. Hyatt, Steve Jazdinski, John P. Knox, John A. McDaniel, Everett Macklin, Roy Martin, Alfred J. Mayeux, Orren L. Moore, George W. Neally, William H. Nolet, Carlyle R. Phillips, Alton B. Russell, Edgar B. Sandlin, William E. Slusher, Walter O. Stigler, Ossie M. Stricklin, James G. Thomas, Noble Vradenburg, Ralph C. Hotarek, Joseph L. Husonin, Pedro S. M. Quirago, Lester D. Sprague and Frank Tokarczyk.

FIRST SERGEANT—George A. Harter.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT—Norvelle T. Patteson.

A LIST OF SERGEANTS-MAJOR
ARRANGED ACCORDING
TO SENIORITY

January 21, 1926.

Name	Date of Appointment
1. Dorney, Thomas—May 28, 1917.	
2. Lacy, Raymond L.—October 9, 1917.	
3. Moter, Guy—October 11, 1917.	
4. Doll, Joseph L.—December 10, 1917.	
5. East, Lloyd S.—January 23, 1918.	
6. Leonard, Joseph J.—February 11, 1918.	
7. Barde, Elmer E.—February 28, 1918.	
8. Moore, Lacey—April 12, 1918.	
9. Rice, Lloyd B.—April 24, 1918.	
10. McCormick, Emmett J.—May 18, 1918.	
11. Hayes, Charles J.—June 1, 1918.	
12. McCue, John D.—June 13, 1918.	
13. Thorp, John W.—August 8, 1918.	
14. Proctor, Clarence B.—September 10, 1918.	
15. Ball, Marvin T.—September 15, 1918.	
16. Grey, Charles E.—October 14, 1918.	
17. Cartier, Leo P.—November 18, 1918.	
18. Christiansen, Olaf J.—January 7, 1919.	
19. Filey, Alexander J.—February 1, 1919.	
20. Wilcox, Edward—February 11, 1919.	
21. Larn, Horace—April 12, 1919.	
22. Miller, Gilbert R.—May 28, 1919.	
23. Schneider, Oliver M.—August 5, 1919.	
24. Shroeder, Frank E.—August 31, 1919.	
25. Little, Oscar J.—September 5, 1919.	
26. Lang, Arthur J.—October 27, 1919.	
27. Dean, Samuel C., Jr.—November 1, 1919.	
28. Abrogast, Owen—November 10, 1919.	
29. Lecuyer, Raymond—December 2, 1919.	
30. Swift, Edwin O.—December 27, 1919.	
31. McCarty, Edward P.—December 29, 1919.	
32. Alexander, Leland H.—December 30, 1919.	
33. Smith, Eugene F.—January 2, 1920.	
34. Metzger, Maximilian—January 16, 1920.	
35. McCallum, Charles P.—January 27, 1920.	
36. Bassett, Wilfred E.—February 20, 1920.	
37. Koberna, James—March 12, 1920.	
38. Blake, Lee—April 29, 1920.	
39. Dwyer, Dominick—May 1, 1920.	
40. McGarry, Thomas J.—June 8, 1920.	
41. Gelrud, Sam—July 1, 1920.	
42. Kieth, Henry F.—July 3, 1920.	
43. Sharp, Marmaduke—August 19, 1920.	
44. Loudenslager, Cliff R.—December 6, 1920.	
45. Langan, Leo—January 12, 1921.	
46. Hunter, Charles H.—October 17, 1921.	
47. Pryor, Hurshel D.—August 30, 1924.	
48. Svenson, Carl—October 1, 1925.	



RE-ENLISTMENTS

Krieger, Edward L., MB, Puget Sound, 1-19-26.
 Casperonis, John P., MB., Quantico, 1-23-26.
 Hodges, Joseph M., Hdqrs. Washington, 1-24-26.
 Morgan, George C., MB., Quantico, 1-22-26.
 Heaton, Frank H., MB., San Diego, 1-14-26.
 Clendenin, Leon, MB., San Diego, 1-18-26.
 Ekberg, Ernest H., MB., Puget Sound, 1-18-26.
 Fremling, Richard A., B.B., San Diego, 1-18-26.
 Gionovich, Tom, MB., San Diego, 1-18-26.
 Jazdzinski, Steve, MB., Puget Sound, 1-16-26.
 Daly, John W., MB., New York, 1-18-26.
 Lavoie, George J., HR., for West coast, 1-19-26.
 Lytle, Nathaniel J., Hdqrs. Washington, 1-20-26.
 Floyd, Dennie, HR., for Haiti, 1-18-26.
 Pryor, Benjamin F., MB., Boston, 1-18-26.
 Alexander, Joseph J., MB., Norfolk.
 Meek, Turner L., MB., Parris Island, 1-17-26.
 Stonebraker, Gordon T., Const. Port Au Prince, 1-3-26.
 Elliott, Edward, MB., Parris Island, 1-26-26.
 Jolley, Murven H., MB., Mare Island, 1-20-26.
 Harter, George A., MB., Washington, 1-25-26.
 Darr, Albert C., Hdqrs. Washington, 1-22-26.
 Carrigan, Harry, MB., Puget Sound, 1-19-26.
 Lucuto, William, HR., for West coast, 1-8-26.
 Harrelson, Auburn C., MB., Quantico, 1-18-26.
 Cooley, Herman F., MB., San Diego, 1-12-26.
 Sullivan, John G., HR., for Haiti, 1-13-26.
 Nellett, Louis J., MB., Parris Island, 1-14-26.
 Ferrell, Elmer M., MB., San Diego, 1-6-26.
 Hughes, Barnett, MB., San Diego, 1-7-26.
 McCabe, James W., MB., San Diego, 1-8-26.
 Scheele, Frank L., MB., San Diego, 1-7-26.
 Kaylor, Leroy, Rctg., San Francisco, 1-13-25.
 Frederickson, Charles, MB., Quantico, 1-17-26.
 Maddox, Ernest V., MB., Portsmouth, NH., 1-17-26.
 Simons, Henry J., MB., Quantico, 1-17-26.
 Ward, Reuben C., MB., Key West, 1-15-26.

BOATS'NS MATE: Where are the eyes of a ship?

BOOR: In the ship's head, sir.

—The Sub-Base Ballast.

"Say, where did Bill get that black eye?"

"Oh, he was riding along on a train in a seat just opposite a couple on their honeymoon. Well, they passed through a tunnel, and when they got out the girl looked at hubby and said in a sort of ecstasy: 'Oh, sugar dove, why don't you kiss me like that all the time?' Then this sugar dove bozo got a nasty look on his face and got up and beamed Bill one in the eye."—Masquerader.

"Say, conductor, what are we stopping for now?" asked the irate passenger.

"We're taking in water, sir," replied the conductor easily.

"Well," growled the incorrigible, "why the hell don't you get another teaspoon?" —Ziffs.

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DETACHMENT

out in Salt Lake City, is pulling for a full fifty membership for the year. They held a regular meeting and discussion on the third of this month, and topped it off with a successful dance the next evening.

OMAHA, NEB.

The Boyd William Carey Detachment, of this city, held a meeting on the 14th of January, at which time the charter was officially presented. William H. Dana is commandant of this outfit, and their next regular meeting, on February 20, will be held at his home, 2032 North 50th Street.

P. I.

has now made application for charter. They sent in their request signed by four-teen members, headed by Gen. Harry Lee, commanding the post.

Marine Corps League Detachment
Roster for January, 1926

Name	City	1926 Membership
Lucien P. Walron, Akron, O.	-----	-----
Atlanta, Atlanta, Ga.	-----	-----
Ann Arbor, Ann Arbor, Mich.	-----	-----
Theodore Roosevelt, Boston, Mass.	-----	-----
Birmingham, Birmingham, Ala.	-----	-----
Chas. H. Lauchheimer, Baltimore, Md.	-----	8
Col. R. L. Meade, Brooklyn, N. Y.	-----	209
Oscar A. Swann, Buffalo, N. Y.	-----	-----
Chattanooga, Chattanooga, Tenn.	-----	-----
Charles Hershsinger, Charlotte, N. C.	-----	-----
George Budde, Cincinnati, O.	-----	-----
Cleveland, Cleveland, O.	-----	-----
Chicago, Chicago, Ill.	-----	16
Decatur No. 13, Decatur, Ill.	-----	1
Denver, Denver, Colo.	-----	-----
Detroit, Detroit, Mich.	-----	-----
Louis J. Magill, Erie, Pa.	-----	27
Fort Worth, Fort Worth, Texas	-----	-----
Nutmeg, Hartford, Conn.	-----	-----
Jackson, Jackson, Miss.	-----	10
J. C. Maloney, Jackson, Mich.	-----	14
McLemore Marines, Houston, Texas	-----	1
Simpson-Hoggett, Kansas City, Mo.	-----	1
George R. Newitt, Kingston, Pa.	-----	-----
Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif.	-----	-----
Louisville, Louisville, Ky.	-----	-----
Richland, Mansfield, O.	-----	20
Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wis.	-----	-----
New Castle, New Castle, Pa.	-----	-----
New Orleans, New Orleans, La.	-----	13
New York, No. 1, New York, N. Y.	-----	15
Newark, Newark, N. J.	-----	2
Boud William Carey, Omaha, Neb.	-----	37
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma City, Okla.	-----	1
John Francis Burnes, Parris Island, S. C.	-----	33
Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.	-----	52
Portland, Portland, Ore.	-----	-----
Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.	-----	-----
Richmond, Richmond, Va.	-----	-----
San Diego, San Diego, Calif.	-----	-----
David R. Kildruff, San Francisco, Calif.	-----	31
Joseph S. Wilkes, Salt Lake City, Utah	-----	28
Seattle, Seattle, Wash.	-----	-----
St. Louis, No. 1, St. Louis, Mo.	-----	-----
Syracuse, Syracuse, N. Y.	-----	-----
Spokane, Spokane, Wash.	-----	55
Toledo, Toledo, O.	-----	3
Tonawanda, Tonawanda, N. Y.	-----	-----
Tacoma, Tacoma, Wash.	-----	-----
Tulsa, Tulsa, Okla.	-----	-----
Washington, Washington, D. C.	-----	15
Wichita, Wichita, Kan.	-----	1
York, York, Pa.	-----	11
Members at large	-----	7

Total membership ending Jan. 1, 1926... 611

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NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

Chauumont—Sailed Honolulu 19 January for San Francisco. Due to arrive San Francisco 25 January. Will proceed to Navy Yard, Mare Island, for overhaul period. Date of completion overhaul 9 March. Will sail from San Francisco 16 March for Manila via Honolulu and Guam.

Henderson—At Navy Yard, Philadelphia, for overhaul. Will sail from Philadelphia 23 February for Hampton Roads. On 1 March will sail from Hampton Roads for Quantico, Parris Island, Guantanamo and Port au Prince, returning to Hampton Roads via Parris Island and Quantico. On 25 March will sail from Hampton Roads for the West coast via the Canal Zone and on 6 June will sail from Hampton Roads for Manila via Panama, Hawaii and Guam.

Kittery—At Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul. Will sail from Hampton Roads 16 February for the West Indies, returning to Hampton Roads about 8 March. Will sail from Hampton Roads on 1 April for the West Indies.

Orion—At Navy Yard, Norfolk. To be placed out of commission. Date of decommissioning 20 February, 1926.

Sirius—Sailed San Diego 16 January for the East coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 27 January, sail 29 January, arrive Norfolk 5 February; sail 12 February, arrive Philadelphia 13 February; sail 18 February, arrive New York 19 February; sail 26 February, arrive Melville 27 February; sail 2 March, arrive Boston 3 March.

Vega—Sailed Colon 23 January for West coast ports. Due San Diego 4 February; leave 8 February, arrive Mare Island 9 February; leave 18 February, arrive Puget Sound 22 February; leave Puget Sound about 3 March for the East coast.

He Knew The Railroad

A recent movie comedy showed on the screen a bevy of shapely girls disrobing for a plunge in the old "swimming pool." They had just taken off their shoes, hats, coats and were beginning on—a passing freight dashed across the screen and obscured the view. When it had passed, the girls were frolicking in the water.

An old railroader sat through the show again and again. At length an usher tapped him on the shoulder.

"Aren't you ever going home?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll wait awhile," was the answer. "One of these times that train's going to be late."

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